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ARTS AND SCIENCE.

Songs of Zion. By James Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 153. London 1822. Longman & Co.

THE Psalmody of England has long been a disgrace to the taste of our literary churchmen and the poetry of our country. The Songs of the Royal Psalmist of the Hebrews, the finest and most ancient efforts of lyrical enthusiasm, and the glowing effusions of Divine inspiration, have been so miserably and baldly berhymed by the wretched *patent* poets who attempted their translation into our language, that the poetical character of the inspired Bard himself has suffered much by a participation in the dulness and stupidity of his presumptuous translators. Sternhold and Hopkins are the bye-word and reproach of poetry; and Brady and Tate, without the uncouth nervousness that sometimes distinguished those old rhymers, have scarcely improved any thing, except that their version is perhaps smoother in the flow of its versification. The translation of David's Psalms has been a desideratum in the literature of this country; and notwithstanding Mr. Montgomery's laudable exertions, we must declare it remains a desideratum still. The author is very modest in his preface, and states that he does not pretend to have succeeded better than those who preceded him. Now he certainly has, and if he did not think so, he should not have risked his well-earned fame by publishing the "Songs of Zion." He is just as superior to Tate as Tate was to Sternhold; and we are sorry that we cannot say more for Mr. Montgomery. There is evidently a great deal of care and neatness of composition aimed at in this version, and many attempts, which have not been entirely unsuccessful, at uniting strength and grace, and concentrating the meaning with the majesty of the original; but there are many failures in the endeavour, and we too often observe the rugged literality and uncouth inversions of Sternhold, and sometimes the weak and watery dilutions of Tate, in spite of the care taken to avoid the imperfections of both.

It was no secret to us, before the publication of this book, that Mr. M. drank deeply from the fountain of Hebrew poetry. His former productions supplied sufficient proofs that if he did not entirely catch his inspiration from that divine source of truth and poetry, the Bible, he at least elevated his natural mind to a pitch which it otherwise never could have reached, by perusing its pages and imbibing its spirit. Mr. M. therefore seemed to us to be one calculated in no small degree for the perfection of sacred

melodies, and for a beautiful translation of those exalted lyrics; and this opinion was also much strengthened by our remarking the beauty and delicacy of some of his minor poetical pieces; but we must own, though not entirely, we are very much disappointed. The work before us cannot be properly called a translation of the Psalms, as the poet not only omits several of the most sublime, but also chooses in many cases only a few verses, and disposes of the materials not according to the order of the text, but as they may best suit the purposes of his rhyme; by which his version has more latitude than the most unconstrained paraphrase. From this licence we hoped for finer poetry; but we think the writer has not profited as much as he might or ought to have done by this method. On the contrary, he has, in our judgment, not only been guilty of many oversights, but often displayed a callousness to poetical beauty in the selection of the weakest points, and in the entire exclusion of thoughts and language, which could not be unpoetical in the hands of any man: which might be only written, or spoken, to give full evidence of their being poetry—more than poetry—divine inspiration. We will now submit one or two specimens from the book, which will shew Mr. M.'s manner in his best style. The following is marked the 80th psalm; but the version begins at the 8th verse, with the beautiful allegory of the "vine brought out of Egypt." We must see what Mr. Montgomery has done with it; and we think, after all the liberties he has taken with the text, though a pleasing little hymn, it might be more literal and more poetical.

Or old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain,

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid;
Rank o'er the ruins springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

Lord God of hosts, thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's tears;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

The plentiful and continual dew
Of thy rich blessings here descend,
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall thine enemies be dumb,

Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
The fulness of the Gentiles come,
And Israel's youngest born be saved.

This is pretty and passable, but no translation of the 80th psalm. There is scarcely a hint for the last verse of Mr. M., and "The fulness of the Gentiles come" is quite gratuitous; there is nothing for it, except it be taken from this line of some verses which the translator omitted, "Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand," and which Mr. M. in adapting it for "Christian edification," made so poor and plain by sacrificing the mysterious and majestic beauty of the original.

The following psalm is a specimen of considerable beauty, but we think it inferior to Lord Byron's translation of it:

Where Babylon's broad rivers roll,

In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came like departed joys in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,

Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried,—Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,

Far from our own delightful land?

—If I prefer thee not above

My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem!—forget its skill,

My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

This is good, and the omission of the vengeful wish of retribution, the blessings heaped on those that would "dash the infants against the stones," we do not regret. Mr. Montgomery has succeeded best in the mild, meek and supplicatory psalms; but in the fiery and sublime odes, where the power and majesty of Jehovah are so gloriously lauded and illustrated, he has not caught the spirit of the Psalmist; but who could? and as though conscious of this, we find very few of those in his collection. If Mr. M. has failed, it is no wonder—a translator must catch the spirit of his original, and no one can hope to translate the Psalms of David till he is miraculously gifted with a similar spirit of divine inspiration with the son of Jesse. If Mr. M. has fallen, it was Jacob-like, wrestling with an angel; and how could he stand that, before which the youthful soul of Milton shrunk into nothing?

A Tour through part of Belgium and the Rhenish Provinces. London 1822. 8vo. pp. 131. Rodwell & Martin.

This is a tasty, well got up book, with the usual accompaniments of hot-pressed paper,

broad margins, and very pretty lithographic engravings; but we cannot say much in favour of its literary contents, though we understand it adds one more name to the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and that we are indebted for it to the pen of his Grace the Duke of Rutland. The style is nevertheless loose* and careless, and the information very common-place and trivial: indeed, it was hardly to be expected that in a run of four weeks (the whole time occupied between the departure from and the return to London) over a space of country which has been described and redescribed by many travellers of various pursuits, any discovery of much novelty could be elicited. The work is in short little more than an itinerary, in which any one who fears the difficulties and dangers of getting to Brussels, Liege or Luxembourg, may find noted down at what inns to stop, and what post-horses are requisite, with now and then an item of the expense: as however most, if not all, of this intelligence may be obtained at the Golden Cross, it will hardly be worth while to resort for it to this elegant quarto; which beyond these instructions contains little matter of moment.

The tour, which was undertaken by the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lady Elizabeth Manners, and John Irving, Esq., is by the beaten route of Calais, Lisle, Ghent and Antwerp, to Brussels; thence by Liege and Spa to Mayence, Coblenz and Treves, and back by Luxembourg and the frontier line on the northern side of France, to Calais.

To give our readers some idea of it, we extract a day's journey, which will afford a fair sample of its general character.

We journeyed to-day from

Antwerp to Malines.....24 postes.

Malines to Villevoorde...13 postes.

Villevoorde to Brussels...13 postes.

The country is a continued flat, studded with occasional villas; and as fertile as that through which we had hitherto passed. Yet at Antwerp Mr. Irving was informed by a friend (an inhabitant of the town), that the crops throughout the country would not be productive this year.

From the period of our entrance into the dominions of the king of the Pays Bas we had been subjected to the payment of turnpikes; a species of interruption unknown to travellers in France. The pace which we had hitherto travelled had been very slow; and the set-out of cattle exceedingly moderate. Our pace, changing included, had not exceeded five miles in the hour. Yet we had taken the precaution of hiring a courier at Calais, Vincent Castellani by name, an Italian by birth and parentage. We engaged him at eight francs per diem; and, at his suggestion, we allowed our servants six francs a day; a sum perfectly sufficient to obtain for them a liberal subsistence.

Malines is a fine and large town, with a spacious square in the centre, at one end of which is the cathedral. The tower is very much ornamented; and the bells, which as

we entered the church were tolling for the funeral of a baron, struck us as having a remarkably deep and fine tone. The church itself is more magnificent, and the dimensions (which we did not obtain) appeared on a more extensive scale than any we had yet viewed. The nave is ornamented by colossal statues of the saints. The pulpit and sounding board are uncommonly rich in carved wood. The crucifixion of our Saviour is represented on the level of the top of the pulpit; while at the base is the tree of life: and a female figure is carved in the act of falling from a horse, with her foot hung in the bridle. We were unable to decipher its allegorical allusion. The figures are as large as life. We noticed a fine picture of the crucifixion, by Rubens, which we were told had passed twenty-two years at Paris. The altars in this cathedral are rich in silver. It is under the jurisdiction of an archbishop, who was formerly the Prince Bishop of Liege. There are several other churches at Malines; in one of which we heard that there are several fine pictures, by Rubens and Vandyke; but our time was short, and the great heat of the day was a bar to exertion. At Malines, as well as at Brussels, a great part of the female population is employed in lace manufacturing.

At Villevoorde is a very large and well arranged prison, capable of containing fifteen hundred prisoners, who are kept in useful and healthy employment in various trades; and the interior management of which is exceedingly creditable. We did not stop to visit it.

From Villevoorde to Brussels the road runs entirely along the side of the great canal, which communicates between the latter place and Antwerp; and along which we saw continually passage-vessels, full of lazy Brabanters, drawn leisurely along by horses. Some villas appear on each side of the road; and on the left of the canal some rich flat pastures are spread, full of cattle. Three miles from Brussels, we passed on the right the palace of Lacken, which stands well, on an eminence formed into a long and gradual slope. It has a large and somewhat heavy dome in the centre.

All this is wonderfully trite, and, except the assurance about the crop given to Mr. Irving, exceedingly uninteresting.

As the noble travellers approach the Rhine, the pencil of the Duchess is called into use, and certainly with much effect; the drawings are very beautiful, and form the chief, we may say the only attraction of the volume, and the impressions display also the lithographic art in great perfection. Unfortunately we can give our readers no extracts from this part of the tour, the execution of which reflects great credit on her Grace's good taste and graphic talent; we will, however, copy out the letter-press which accompanies one of these illustrations, the more especially as the same extract will give some valuable information to the lovers of hock, as to where the best species of that celebrated liquor is to be purchased, and at what price.

We left Mayence in the middle of the day, and journeyed to
Niederlingelheim, 13 postes, paid for two.
Bingen 14 postes.
Bacharach 14 postes.
St. Goar 2 postes.

The road to Niederlingelheim (which place is remarkable for the site of Charlemagne's palace) is excellent; it runs through an open and flat country. A short time before we reached Bingen, we entered the valley of the Rhine, and had soon ample reason to be delighted with its romantic and striking beauties. The mountains on each side rose precipitously to a great height, covered with vines, interspersed with rock and brushwood; and we continually passed the picturesque remains of old castles, built upon projecting ledges of rock, and sometimes appearing, as they nodded perpendicularly over our heads, to form part of the rocks themselves. Among these, the castles of Frauenstein and Elfeld were conspicuous. On the right bank Mont St. Jean, or the castle of Johannisberg, lately presented by the allied powers to prince Metternich, the Austrian minister, together with the surrounding estate, occupies a bold situation. This castle was given by Buonaparte to Kellermann, the Duke of Valmy. The most approved and dearest species of hock wine takes its name from this place. It is not to be bought, even in the neighbourhood of the place of its growth, at less than six shillings and sixpence per bottle. Of the three best qualities of hock, the Johannisberg and Rudesheim are made in the dominions of Nassau, and the Hockheim in the territory of Darmstadt. These wines, if brought across the river, pay a duty of two hundred florins for every twelve hundred bottles; but if they are subsequently exported, the duty is remitted, and enforced only when they are for home consumption.

At Igel, near Treves, a beautiful Roman monument also invites her Grace's powers (most successfully employed) on a representation. We subjoin the Duke's account of it, and as there appears to be nothing in the remaining part of the tour calling for particular notice, shall close our account of the work with his description of the Roman ruin.

At the village of Igel, about four miles from Treves, we alighted in order to view a very remarkable and magnificent Roman monument, the origin and object of which are not accurately known. Some suppose it was erected in honour of Germanicus and Agrippina, on the event of the birth of their son Caius Caesar Caligula, in this village; while others contend, that it is a mausoleum, erected by the children of Secundus, to the memory of their parents. At all events it is a most beautiful building; and, considering the number of ages which have passed since its erection, it is in an extraordinary state of preservation. Its height is about sixty-five feet, and the dimensions of its base fifteen feet by twelve and a half. The various courses of the building are highly ornamented with different figures, many of them allegorical; but as they are partly defaced, it is not easy to understand them. At the back of the column appears the figure of a centaur, on a three-headed horse, surrounded by a circle, in which are the signs of the zodiac. The friezes at the summit of the columns, which appear at the corners, are very rich. The whole is surmounted by a Roman eagle, with the wings extended; but the head of the bird is wanting. This noble monument is situated in the midst of the dirt of a wretched village; at Rome, it would probably rank among the first curiosities of that classical metropolis. The following is the translated account of this mo-

* As an instance, we may cite a sentence involving something very like a bull. La Tête de Plaudres, we are told, "is terminated by three strong outworks, which are in the act of construction."

nument, from a German book, containing a description of Treves and its environs, which was sent to the Duke of Wellington.

"The village of Igel lies in a rich country, where the Saal and the Moselle unite. The Romans commonly built monuments near the high roads; and as the road which leads from Treves to Rheims was one of the most considerable, and the place itself most beautiful, so they chose that spot for erecting the one in question. All historians agree, that the monument at Igel is the most beautiful of the kind that the Romans have left us on this side the Alps; but opinions differ as to the object of its erection: Herold and Laurent believe it was built to commemorate the birth of Caligula; Cælius considers it a monument for the apotheosis of one of his generals; and a manuscript of the thirteenth century gives it to the marriage of the Emperor Constantine Clorus with Helen. The inscription on the front of the monument, which is difficult to read, leads one however to think that it is a monument to the family of Secundinus, which was of illustrious origin, and allied itself by marriage with one of the Roman emperors."

Napoleon in Exile, or a Voice from St. Helena. 2 vols. 8vo. By Barry E. O'Meara, &c.

HAVING taken the earliest opportunity of cursorily introducing this work to our readers, because we felt that every thing connected with the fate of a man so extraordinary as Napoleon Buonaparte, must possess very great interest; we now return to our task with better preparations, the lapse of a week having enabled us to deliver a more matured opinion upon its character and composition. That opinion has not been rendered more favourable by a careful perusal of nearly eleven hundred pages of the most indigested tautology that we ever met with in any publication; the same sentiments and stories being reiterated often three, four, or five times in the same words. The bare omission of these repetitions would abridge the two octavo volumes into one; and that one would be merely an enlargement of O'Meara's "Exposition," &c. published three years ago, and amply reviewed in the Literary Gazette (No. 124) of 5th June 1819. That book contained the cream of the Author's intelligence respecting St. Helena and its memorable prisoner; and it is *prima facie* evident that most of the additions to the new edition, under its new name, are hearsay reports picked up since his return to Europe, the statements of Buonapartists in France and Italy, and not a few interpolations of his own, invented for party and personal purposes. The absurdity and obvious fallacy of many of these must strike every one; and they tend to impeach the credit of other parts, where verisimilitude and characteristic force would induce us to believe that the facts were truly represented. Mr. O'Meara certainly enjoyed opportunities of observing Buonaparte more closely than any other British subject, and it is greatly to be lamented that he should have plunged himself into a predicament which robs his testimony of that authenticity which would

otherwise have made it so valuable. We pronounce this judgment without hesitation, for, were we called upon to sustain it, we could find the materials in Mr. O'Meara's own work, where entirely opposite views are taken of the same subject, and one paragraph frequently contradicts another. Thus, for instance, we have Buonaparte's wounds mentioned in three places, and in no two places alike. In vol. i. page 213, it is said,

Napoleon shewed me the marks of two wounds: one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers.* The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl.

In vol. ii. page 2, on the contrary, Buonaparte is made to declare that this serious wound on the thigh was received (not at Lodi, but) at Arcola, where he says, "I was slightly wounded," a "thing not worth mentioning." And again at page 227, instead of the toe-wound at Eckmühl, we have a cannon shot at Marengo taking away the skin of his left leg (of which the mark remained,) and "several" slight wounds spoken of, besides having eighteen or nineteen horses killed under him during his life. These things are not, it is true, very important, but they serve to show the habitual inaccuracy of the writer even upon matters the least liable to be mistaken. In like manner we have half a dozen versions of the death of Captain Wright, the general result of which is, that after asserting that that gallant officer had destroyed himself, Buonaparte seems at last to have doubted whether or not he might have ordered his assassination. The passage is a very remarkable one. When told that Captain Wallis, the lieutenant who was with Wright, and who had strangely arrived at St. Helena,

States his belief that Wright was murdered by orders of Fouché, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with you. That six or seven weeks previous, Wright had told him that he expected to be murdered like Pichegru, and begged of him never to believe that he would commit suicide; that he had received a letter from Wright, about four or five weeks before his death, in which he stated that he was better treated, allowed to subscribe to a library, and to receive newspapers. Napoleon replied, "I will never allow that Wright was put to death by Fouché's orders. If he was put to death privately, it must have been by my orders, and not by those of Fouché. Fouché knew me too well. He was aware that I would have had him hanged directly if he attempted it. By this officer's own words, Wright was not *au secret*, as he says that he saw him some weeks before his death, and that he was allowed books and newspapers. Now if it had been in contemplation to make away

* This is a ludicrous passage—to keep the secret of a General's wounds *always*, who was only twice wounded at all, and once "on the toe," is a genuine sample of that laxity of expression which distorts facts and despoils common sense.

with him; he would have been put *au secret* for months before, in order that people might not be accustomed to see him for some time previous.

Surely the nice acquaintance with the means of murder evinced in this unguarded confession, smells strongly of blood!

In another place, a plot for massacring all the English officers in Sicily, and driving out the soldiers, is mentioned:—Buonaparte is made to say (page 12,) "Caroline was very capable of forming such a plot. I believe, however, that - - - invented a great part of it," &c. And at page 138, he is, in direct contradiction of the foregoing, represented as asserting that Caroline proposed to himself a second Sicilian Vespers, to massacre all the English army and the English in Sicily!! It is impossible to know what to believe, where such conflicting statements as these invalidate the veracity of the speaker or the honesty of the reporter.

Having, however, shown the nature of Mr. O'Meara's lucubrations, it still behoves us to gratify as far as possible the public curiosity, by extracting a fair proportion of his pages as general specimens of his performance, without inquiring into their probability or truth. Our remarks shall consequently be few; our selections various.

At the battle of Brienne, a party of Uhlans penetrated so nearly to the staff of Buonaparte, that one of them rode against him; and in storming the village, Blücher was equally in danger from a party of French cavalry. The following characteristic anecdote is told of the latter, as an example of the utter contempt in which he held the French nation:—

"At the time when Blücher made his first hostile entrance into France, the mayor of the town he occupied waited upon him to offer his services to procure whatever he might want, as is customary under similar circumstances. When the Prussian general had heard his business, his reply was, 'Bring me a wench!'"

Of his surrender to the English, Buonaparte is reported to have given the following account:—

"My having given myself up to you is not so simple a matter as you imagine. Before I went to Elba, Lord Castlereagh offered me an asylum in England, and said, that I should be very well treated there, and much better off than at Elba." I said, that Lord Castlereagh was reported to have asserted, that he (Napoleon) had applied for an asylum in England, but that it was not thought proper to grant it. "The real fact," said Napoleon, "is, that he first proposed it. Before I went to Elba, Lord Castlereagh said to Caulaincourt, 'Why does Napoleon think of going to Elba? Let him come to England. He will be received in London with the greatest pleasure, and will experience the best possible treatment. He must not, however, ask permission to come, because that would take up too much time; but let him give himself up to us, without making any conditions, and he will be received with the greatest joy, and be much better than at Elba.' This," added he, "had much influence with me afterwards."

The following are amusing, if not altogether novel:—

Had a jocular conversation with him about patron saints. He asked who was my patron saint,—what was my Christian name? I replied, that my first was a family name; that I was called after Barry, Lord Avonmore, an Irish peer. "But," said he, laughing, "you must have some patron saint to befriend you, and plead your cause in the next world?" I mentioned my second Christian name. "Ah!" said he, "then he will plead for you. St. Napoleon ought to be very much obliged to me, and do every thing in his power for me in the world to come. Poor fellow, nobody knew him before. He had not even a day in the kalendar. I got him one, and persuaded the Pope to give him the fifteenth of August, my birth-day. I recollect," continued he, "when I was in Italy, a priest preaching about a poor sinner who had departed this life. His soul appeared before God, and he was required to give an account of all his actions. The evil and the good were afterwards thrown into opposite scales, in order to see which preponderated. That containing the good proved much the lightest, and instantly flew up to the beam. His poor soul was condemned to the infernal regions, conducted by angels to the bottomless pit, delivered over to devils, and thrown into the flames. 'Already,' said the preacher, 'had the devouring element covered his feet and legs, and proceeded upwards even unto his bowels; in his vitals, oh! brethren, he felt them. He sunk, and only his head appeared above the waves of fire, when he cried out to God, and afterwards to his patron saint. 'Oh! patron,' said he, 'look down upon me; oh! take compassion upon me, and throw into the scale of my good deeds, all the lime and stone which I gave to repair the convent of —.' His saint instantly took the hint, gathered together all the lime and stone, threw them into the scale of good, which immediately preponderated; the scale of evil sprung up to the beam, and the sinner's soul into paradise at the same moment. Now you see by this, brethren, how useful it is to keep the convents in repair, for had it not been for the lime and stone bestowed by this sinner, his poor soul would even now, children, be consuming in hell fire; and yet you are so blind as to let the convent and the church, built by your forefathers, fall to ruin.' At this time," continued he, laughing, "these *canaille* wanted to get a new convent built, and had recourse to this expedient to procure money, which, after this, poured in upon them from all quarters." - - -

"The emperor Francis," added he, "whose head is crammed with ideas of high birth, was very anxious to prove that I was descended from some of the old tyrants of Treviso; and after my marriage with Marie Louise, employed divers persons to search into the old musty records of genealogy, in which they thought they could find something to prove what they desired. He imagined that he had succeeded at last, and wrote to me, asking my consent that he should publish the account with all official formalities. I refused. He was so intent upon this favourite object, that he again applied, and said, '*Laissez moi faire*,' that I need not appear to take any part in it. I replied, that this was impossible, as if published, I should be obliged to take notice

of it; that I preferred being the son of an honest man, to being descended from any little dirty tyrant of Italy. That I was the Rodolph of my family."

Of Prince Leopold, Buonaparte says,

"He was one of the handsomest and finest young men in Paris, at the time he was there. At a masquerade given by the Queen of Naples, Leopold made a conspicuous and elegant figure. The Princess Charlotte must doubtless be very contented and very fond of him. He was near being one of my aid-de-camps, to obtain which he had made interest and even applied; but by some means, very fortunately for himself, it did not succeed, as probably if he had, he would not have been chosen to be a future king of England. Most of the young princes in Germany," continued he, "solicited to be my aid-de-camps, and Leopold was then about eighteen or nineteen years of age."

Of a preceding suitor to our Princess, a different picture is drawn, and from sources attained by means which would disgrace a highwayman. Buonaparte states, that he acted kindly towards the mother of the Prince of Orange, whom he found sick on entering of Berlin, and continues—

When her son, the Prince of Orange, was aid-de-camp to Wellington, he went over from Spain or Portugal to London, at the time that the intended marriage between the Princess Charlotte and him was in contemplation. From London he wrote several letters to his mother, giving a description of the whole of the royal family, beginning with the queen, and going through every branch nominatively, filled with *horreurs* and *sottises*, particularly of the **** against whom he appeared to be particularly indignant. He did not even spare **** whom he painted as ambitious, and desirous of command, and that he should be a mere cipher and a stallion if **** to which he declared he never would submit. There were many fine and heroic sentiments expressed in them, which, though in a romantic style, did the writer honour, but he tore the whole **** to pieces. Those letters he sent by an agent to Hamburg, for the purpose of being forwarded to his mother. This agent was arrested, his papers seized, and despatched to Paris, where they were examined and laid before me. I read them in a cursory manner, and laughed very heartily at their contents. Afterwards, in order to retaliate a little for all the abuse heaped upon me, I ordered them to be sent to the *Moniteur* and published. Meanwhile, however, the agent acquainted the prince's mother with his arrest and the seizure of his papers, with the contents of which he was partly acquainted. Before the publication was completed, I received a letter from her, conjuring me not to make them public, stating to me what injury it would do to her son and her family, and calling to my recollection the time I had been at Berlin. I was touched with her letter, and countermanded the publishing of the letters, which would have made a great noise in Europe, and have been extremely disagreeable to the persons described in them."

The baseness and meanness of this conduct requires no comment.

Napoleon then asked if we kept Good Friday sacred, if we fasted, and what was our mode of doing so? I replied, that we did

observe it; that Protestants seldom fasted; but that when we practised it, we abstained altogether from food. That we did not consider avoiding animal food, and gorging with turbot, or with any other delicate fish, as fasting: "You are right," said the emperor, "you are perfectly right. If one fasts at all, it ought to be from every thing, or else it does not deserve the name. *Oh come gli uomini son bestie*, to believe that abstaining from flesh, and eating fish, which is so much more delicate and delicious, constitutes fasting. *Povero uomo*."

"Before my reign," said he, "the oath taken by the French kings was to exterminate all heretics! At my coronation, I swore to protect all worship! Louis has not yet sworn, because he has not been crowned, and in all probability will not take the oath of extermination through fear of you and of the Prussians; not that he has not the will, on the contrary, he would with pleasure both swear and cause it to be effected. For the family of the Bourbons are the most intolerant upon earth. The English will yet discover what they are."

Napoleon afterwards spoke about Hoche. "Hoche," said he, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating, *intrigant* also. If Hoche had landed in Ireland, he would have succeeded. He possessed all the qualities necessary to insure success. He was accustomed to civil war, and knew how to conduct himself under such circumstances. He had pacified La Vendée, and was well adapted for Ireland. He had a fine handsome figure, a good address; he was prepossessing and intriguing, but by some imbecility he was placed on board of a frigate which never reached the Irish coast, while the rest of the expedition of about eighteen thousand men, got into Bantry Bay, where they remained for some days perfectly masters of the means of disembarkation. But Grouchy, who I believe was second in command, did not know what to do: so that after having had it in their power to land and send the ships away, as they ought to have done, they remained a short time, did nothing, and then departed like *imbéciles*. If Hoche had arrived, Ireland was lost to you."

"If the Irish," added he, "had sent over honest men to me, I would have certainly made an attempt upon Ireland. But I had no confidence in either the integrity or the talents of the Irish leaders that were in France. They could offer no plan, were divided in opinion, and continually quarrelling with each other. I had but a poor opinion of the integrity of that O'Connor who was so much spoken of amongst you."

Buonaparte declares that he would have adhered to the constitution promulgated after the escape from Elba, though he supposed Lord Castlereagh had asserted he would not, adding—

But you must not believe Lord Castlereagh. You know what falsehoods he publicly asserted about me since I came here. I should not be surprised if they were to falsify all the official papers, as they have already done those concerning Murat, and also myself. When I returned from Elba, I found all the apparatus. They had falsified a number of the state papers, with the intention of publishing them. M. Blacas had the direction of the whole; but it was a priest who managed and executed it. The same had been done

before to Murat's papers. The fabrications were shewn to some Englishmen. Blacas in like manner falsified a letter from a *femme de chambre* of my sister Pauline, containing seven or eight pages of *bavardage*. He had it interpolated so as to make it appear that I had slept with my sister! This Blacas is a wicked man, and a blockhead withal. He was base enough to leave behind him at Paris letters containing the offers of all those in France who had betrayed me before, signed by the writers themselves; so if I had pleased, I could have executed thousands. I did not however make any use of them further than remembering their names. Now a greater proof of imbecility and of treachery could not have been given than this conduct of Blacas; those letters ought to have been the very first things put in security, or destroyed; as they compromised the lives of so many persons. But M. Blacas was only intent upon saving his *quattrini* (money); and gave himself but little concern about the lives of those who had been the means of bringing himself and his master back. He was then minister of the king's household. Every thing was trusted to him by Louis, who is incapable himself, and whose chief qualities are dissimulation and hypocrisy. His legs are covered with ulcers, which are dressed for him by the Duchess of Angoulême. He gorges to that degree every day, that they are obliged to give him God knows what to enable him to disencumber himself of his load. Some morning he will be found dead in his bed. He has some ignorant *imbéciles* of physicians about him. They wanted Corvisart to attend him, but he refused, saying, that if any accident happened, he might be accused of having contributed to his end. When I returned to the Thuilleries, I found my apartments poisoned with the smell of his legs, and of divers sulphureous baths, which he was in the habit of using.

"These Bourbons are the most timorous race imaginable," continued Napoleon, "put them in fear, and you may obtain any thing.

THE TRAVELS OF SERJEANT REES.

(Conclusion.)

We rejoice to learn that our notice of this interesting little volume has attracted so much attention, that, in all probability, the benevolent object of its publication will be greatly advanced by it. Thus even Reviewing and Criticism have their pleasures to balance their pains; and none can be purer than when Literature and Charity go hand in hand.

We left the honest Serjeant of Marines on the Tigris, delighted and astonished by every thing about him. Pursuing his adventurous course, we are amused with many curious stories, which we quote hap-hazard, as there are few landmarks and no determinations of latitude to guide us to the precise scene alluded to.

At this part of the river, as in many other places, the current runs so strong as to break down the banks of it; and this brings to view the foundation of houses, built with large, flat stones. We saw also vessels shaped like an urn; and, from the account of an old man, they served as coffins; for in former times they used to burn the bodies of the dead, and, putting the ashes into those urns, buried them in the ground. We dug

up several, and all of them entire. We broke them open; and the inside seemed to have been covered with a kind of varnish, resembling the glazing of our earthenware in England. - - -

Now the night came on so very dark, that we were obliged to make the boat fast under the wood, by the river side. I really want words to express what I endured at that time, lying under the wood in the boat, and the weather so intensely cold. But of that I scarcely seemed any longer to be sensible, so unceasing and so terrible were the roarings and bellowings of the lionesses and their whelps, with the noise of other unknown animals; but above all, the cries of the jackalls, (the most distressing of all sounds to the human ear,) sometimes like the cries of a child, or rather like a person in the greatest agony. All these dreadful and unceasing sounds, joined to the roaring of the storm through the woods, produced such an effect on my mind as no language can describe. I expected every instant that some wild beast would spring upon me, so near did I hear them to me. That night, in particular, I never shall forget; for I thought I should have lost my senses through terror.

On the following day we went on shore, and met no person; but found the bones and feathers of some large bird, which appeared to have been devoured the night before. We walked several miles, and returned to the boat to breakfast. After that, the gentlemen were wondering what we could get for dinner, as we had expected, in our walk, to have met with some one of whom we could have bought a kid. Whilst they were talking about it, a fish, of five or six pounds, leaped out of the water into the boat. This put me in mind of a part of the Apocrypha, where it is related, in the sixth chapter of the book of Tobit, that he had sent his son Tobias, with an angel, on a journey, and they came to the river Tigris and lodged; and when Tobias went down to the river to wash himself, there was a fish leaped out at him, and he thought it would have devoured him. But the angel told him to bring it up, and gave him a strict charge to keep the heart, the liver, and the gall; but the rest was dressed for their use. Now it is not impossible but, as this is the same river, it might be at this very spot that the fish leaped out at Tobias. Some people would, perhaps, ridicule such a thought; but in such a place, and with my Bible for my companion, it came very naturally to me.

This day turned out, very unexpectedly, quite a feasting one to us; for, in a short time after, a man came running through the woods, calling to us to stop, for he had something to sell. He was followed by eight others, one of them having a large deer flung across his shoulders, which we bought for two piales, about three shillings English money. This was, indeed, a prize; and the colonel's cook, a black man named Passoa, was desired to skin it, and dress a part for dinner. The captain ordered me to give each of the men a flint and some powder. I did so, and they went away; but at the next turn of the river, who should come to us, disguised, as they fancied, but those very fellows, swearing that if we did not come close in shore, and give them ammunition, they would kill every one of us. This plainly proved that, had all those we met had powder and shot, we should long since have been dead men.

We crossed over the river at one o'clock in the morning; for the weather was very calm, although quite dark. The men on shore pulled us up, and on a sandy beach, where not the least noise was heard by their feet. The foremost man, before he could see it, struck against a lion: there were three of them drinking together. The man, dreadfully alarmed, plunged into the water, screaming at a great rate; whilst the lions, seemingly as much frightened in their turn, ran to the woods, roaring as they went. Had the night not been so dark, how easily could they have sprung after the men and devoured them. Indeed, it is what I expected every night, when we left the ship, either to be devoured by some ravenous beast, or murdered by these wild Arabs. They were very numerous in these places, at this time of the year, being obliged, on account of the rainy season, to leave the high country and to come down into the low.

Below Bagdad they seem to have committed sacrilege on a Mahometan tomb which poor Rees takes for the "famous temple of Sion"!—On nearing Bagdad, a sad accident befel him. The Turks having saluted the boat with three guns, he was directed to fire a small ten-pounder in answer to the compliment, but the gun was in such a state that it blew out a part of the touch-hole and grievously mutilated our engineer.

- - In a moment (he says) the fore-part of my coat, waistcoat, and hat, were on fire: my face and hair were also burnt; and not having been shaved for some days, and with a beard growing fast in such a climate, I was singed like a joint for roasting. - - - I did not seem sensible of the injury I had received, until the blood gushed out from my eyelids; and the next moment my sight was entirely gone. The colonel led me to the cabin, and got brandy to bathe my eyes; but it was of no use, for a great swelling came on, and yet the bleeding did not stop. It is not to be described the agony which I endured. There was at this time in Bagdad a regiment of Sepoys, the last which is so far up into the country; and they have a European doctor to attend them. So to him the captain sent me directly, and his black servant to take care of me, for he was acquainted with the place. But after leading me into some wide street, or square, he ran away from me, and went to visit some friends of his own. I was not long alone: a mob of Turks gathered round me, making a great noise, and gibbering in a language, of which I did not understand a word; whilst I kept singing out, "Jack! Jack!" which was the name of the black. But no Jack was near me. Then came two stout fellows, and putting their arms round me, tried to drag me with them; but knowing that I was fighting for my life, I got strength to push them away. The mob then began to press fast upon me; and they were trying to tie my arms and my legs; but making good use of my hands, and kicking backwards and forwards, I contrived to keep a little ring to myself. This could not last long. My strength was exhausted, my eyes and face in great agony. But at the very instant I was yielding to my murderers, for such I knew they would be, I heard a voice, (oh, what music it was to my ears!) sing out, in English, "Is that a European?" I answered, "Yes! yes! come to me directly!" So they

pushed through the crowd; and feeling that they had hats and jackets on, I clung to them, and would not let them stir from me. Nor, indeed, did they intend to do it, but led me to the doctor's, at whose house they were staying. They were four sailors, belonging to the Persia, of New York, then lying at Bassora; and having been at Bagdad a few days before us, for a cargo of morocco, they were walking through the street, when, by the kind direction of Providence, they came to the place where I was in the very last extremity. They declared that my escape had been the greatest of all wonders; for that the doctor had given them a strict charge never to stir out alone, but always to keep together, as the Turks had such a hatred to all Europeans, they would think it a good action to destroy any one of them.

Leaving him under the Doctor's charge, Capt. Maude went to Babylon; Rees regretted much his inability to go with him, and tells a very extraordinary instance of sagacity in a Newfoundland dog, which was left him as a companion. Having occasion to move from his chamber in the night-time, and being unattended, he relates—

— I took the dog by the collar, to grope my way as well as I could. I knew he would be a guard, for every one was afraid of him. I went down four steps, and then had to ascend again before we came into the strait passage. As I had been led there several times, I found my way very well; but, on returning, by some means missed it. I knew not what to do; but supposing I was at the steps where I had to go down, I was putting my foot forward for that very purpose, when this faithful dog threw himself against my legs. The more I tried to push him away, the harder he pressed and growled. I had then the presence of mind to consider that he might know I was going wrong, and therefore thought I would not oppose him. Seating myself, therefore, for the remainder of the night, he laid himself quietly at my feet till the morning, when the Sepoys' trumpet came to blow for day-light. He discovered me, and asked me what I could be doing up there. I told him I was afraid, by the actions of the dog, that I had taken a wrong turn. He said, so I had; and that if I would take hold of the dog, so that he should not fly at him, he would come and lead me to my room, for he knew who I was. He said, had I gone a few steps further, I should have fallen down the castle-wall, to a great depth. I thanked God for the knowledge he had given to this dog; and to me also, in not trying to oppose him. He never quitted me as long as the bandages were on my eyes: and neither the doctor nor servant dared to enter, without my first taking hold of him.

Having recovered his sight, Rees set out for Babylon.

We crossed (continues the narrative) the bridge of boats, and proceeded towards an extensive plain at no great distance from Bagdad. As we went along, I remarked that the crows, shaped as they were like those of England, were marked black and white, like our magpies. But things of greater importance engaged all my thoughts, when I found myself on the plain of Shinar. At this place the doctor's servant threw himself on his knees, and as plain as he could do it by his actions, (for we did not know a

word of each other's language,) expressed that, many thousand years ago, a great king had there eaten grass for seven years, his nails and his hair growing all the time. I knew that he meant Nebuchadnezzar; for these people are acquainted with all our Bible history, though they have such hatred to the religion which it teaches.

The first object to which I had been directed, was what I had been assured was the tomb of Zebedee. It was not unlike, in form, some of the steeples in England. There was nothing remarkable about it, excepting the singular circumstance of its having been so many years kept up. Not far from it was the tomb of Mahomet. A kind of spire was raised at each end, with gold balls at top.

A large building, as far as my eyes could reach, was pointed out to me, as being the Tower of Babel. The size and the height were so great, that it was seen from all parts of that country. The form was like a sugar-loaf. I took a sketch of that, as well as of the tombs of Zebedee and Mahomet. Doing this, added to the effects of the sun, brought on such a return of pain to my eyes, that I felt myself entirely unequal to a ride of nearly thirty miles; so that I was obliged to return back again to Bagdad.

When the captain arrived, he was very glad to find my eyes so much better than he expected; and, knowing how fond I was of such things, he had, with great kindness, taken the trouble to have some bricks got for me from the Tower of Babel. They were fourteen inches square; and in the centre of each were several unknown letters, perhaps the language of the world before the confusion of tongues; yet this is only a conjecture of my own.

Jack was turned away for his inhuman treatment of me; when we took our farewell of Bagdad, and went again on board the boat.

Their descent, of course, does not possess the novelty of their ascent. They returned to Bombay, but being again dispatched to the Persian Gulf, they visited Muscat, Bushire, and Ormus, from the latter of which they sailed, with Mr. Bruce the Resident, for the island of Bahrein, in order to negotiate a peace between the natives and the Imam of Muscat. This accomplished, they went back to Bushire, and thence on the 5th of August commenced an excursion by land for Shiraz, Shapour, &c.

At Delakee they met

— a gentleman from Scotland, of the name of Armstrong. His wife, who was of the Armenian religion, was also with him. He was now on his way from Bengal to the court of the king of Persia, in whose service he had been, as a caster of great guns; but the king refusing to pay him what was due to him, (being some thousands of rupees short of it,) he left him, and going to Bengal, sued the Persian government for it. In the mean time the Russians declared war against Persia. The Persians then sent for Mr. Armstrong back again, engaging to pay him all that was owing to him, his travelling expenses, and many hundred rupees more than he had demanded when there before. A man so clever and so useful, they were glad to get back again at any rate.

After staying some time at Shiraz the

party visited Persepolis, of the ruins of which Rees gives a very naive account. *Et. gr.*

On the following day we discovered several statues of kings and their horses, of an immense size. The smallest part of the horses' legs were as large round as my body, and yet every part was well proportioned: the manes, the tails, and even the nails on the shoes, were as finely carved, and as plain to be seen, as if they had only been just finished. So in respect to the riders exactly the same: their form and features, even their finger-nails, were so naturally done, that I never saw any thing like it. I struck them several times with my hammer, but it sprung back as if it had been against cast iron. Some of those figures, it is said, were intended for Alexander the Great; but some of the horses are placed head to head, as if engaging in combat; whilst one figure, on horseback, was holding in his hand a large roll of paper.

Near to all these there were caverns, about half up the mountain, cut in the form of a wide, low door; and we may, indeed, learn from the Scriptures, that kings and their armies did flee to these caves or strong holds for protection, and could never be taken.

Now all these pillars and statues were exactly measured by Mr. Armstrong and myself, whilst the captain wrote it all down; and I think the sight of this wonderful place will never be out of my memory.

Taking a round on their way back to Shiraz, our Author says,

— We at last reached the plain of Maschaw, celebrated for having the tomb of Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon. This tomb is, in fact, a small house or room, with a low door to it. Six steps form a square, on which it stands; and each of these steps are four feet high. The floor is covered with inscriptions, and there are several also on the side-walls; but no person has ever been able to translate them, being in a language now unknown. We found a line placed entirely across the room, and on this the visitors hang a strip of some part of their dress, which they fancy will bring a blessing on them. This building is in the midst of a burying-ground, yet no town or village is near; but people are often brought from a great distance to be interred there, on account of this wonderful tomb. Near it we also observed two large, upright stones: the ends lying close together, a hollow was formed between them; and an old man who was there, quite entreated us to pass through, as a means of securing us all our life from having any injury; but giving no credit to such nonsense, we did not try the experiment.

The 27th of August, 1816, was the memorable day on which I visited the tomb of Bathsheba; and on this spot also Mr. Cachadore said, "Captain Maude and sergeant Rees, this is the furthest place we are to travel together: I now, therefore, bid you farewell, wishing you both a safe passage back to England." I was very sorry, indeed, to part with Mr. Cachadore; but at the same time I listened to his words with great pleasure, as I could learn from them that we were likely soon to return to England again.

At Shiraz they met a Mr. Williams from England, and spent their time agreeably in native society, the baths, &c. The author adds—

We went every morning to the boxing-school, where, before each battle, a priest

repeats a prayer, which appeared very singular.

We were also taken to see an old castle in the city, with a tower at each end, and doors leading from them to apartments under-ground, of such vast extent, that, it is said, they will contain two hundred thousand men. Thus an enemy, on entering, might think the place had been abandoned, and yet in a few minutes might be surrounded by a large army.

After a stay of twelve days, we took a last leave of our obliging friends, and departed from the magnificent city of Shiraz, Mr. Williams being also in our company.

But it is full time for us to leave this volume to its fate, which for the reasons we have adduced, will, we trust, be a fortunate one. The little order we have observed in quoting from it, has not been undesigned; for our purpose was to show the author in his own colours, rather than to digest information more intelligently supplied by abler pens. Should any of our readers think we have devoted too much of our space to the Review, we are persuaded they will also forgive the trespass when they reflect how rarely the opportunity (mentioned in our exordium) is presented, and yet how pleasant a duty it is, for a Reviewer to mingle the words of criticism with the works of mercy.

BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS.

The place whereon we stand is still holy ground:—near Kerek lies the plain of Ghor; in the vegetable productions of which, the author tells us,

... the botanist would perhaps discover several unknown species of trees and plants. The reports of the Arabs on this subject are so vague and incoherent, that it is almost impossible to obtain any precise information from them; they speak, for instance, of the spurious pomegranate tree, producing a fruit exactly like that of the pomegranate, but which, on being opened, is found to contain nothing but a dusty powder; this, they pretend, is the Sodom apple-tree; other persons however deny its existence. The tree Asheyr is very common in the Ghor. It bears a fruit of a reddish yellow colour, about three inches in diameter, which contains a white substance, resembling the finest silk, and enveloping some seeds. The Arabs collect the silk, and twist it into matches for their fire-locks, preferring it to the common match, because it ignites more readily. More than twenty camel loads might be annually procured, and it might perhaps be found useful in the silk and cotton manufactures of Europe. At present the greater part of the fruit rots on the trees. On making an incision into the thick branches of the Asheyr, a white juice exudes, which is collected by putting a hollow reed into the incision; the Arabs sell the juice to the druggists at Jerusalem, who are said to use it in medicine as a strong cathartic. ...

One of the most interesting productions of this valley is the Beyrouk honey, or, as the Arabs call it, Assal Beyrouk. I suppose it to be the manna, but I never had an opportunity of seeing it myself. It was described to me, as a juice dropping from the leaves and twigs of a tree called Gharrab.

The information furnished respecting the Dead Sea, called here Bahret Lout, the Sea

of Lot, is not of much consequence, being entirely hearsay from the Arabs, whose reports, we know, are not to be trusted. The following is the only passage worth notice.

Concerning the lake itself, I was informed that no visible increase of its waters takes place in winter time, as the greater part of the torrents which descend from the eastern mountains do not reach the lake, but are lost in the sandy plain. About three hours north of Szafye is a ford, by which the lake is crossed in three hours and a half. Some Arabs assured me that there are spots in this ford where the water is quite hot, and where the bottom is of red earth. It is probable that there are hot springs in the bottom of the lake, which near the ford is nowhere deeper than three or four feet; and generally only two feet. The water is so strongly impregnated with salt, that the skin of the legs of those who wade across it soon afterwards peels entirely off.

Mr. Burckhardt staid three weeks at Kerek, and then set out (August 4th) with the Sheikh, accompanied by about forty horsemen; the Sheikh himself being mounted on a superb grey Saklawy, famous all over the Syrian desert. This chief did not behave well to our traveller, but extorted money from him for the protection he afforded. His first attempt was to obtain 20 piastres, and the particulars are curious, as nationally characteristic. Burckhardt says:

Although I knew it was not in his power to hinder me from following him, and that he could not proceed to violence without entirely losing his reputation among the Arabs, for ill-treating his guest, yet I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the Sheikh's character to be persuaded that if I did not acquiesce in his demand, he would devise some means to get me into a situation which it would have perhaps cost me double the sum to escape from; I therefore began to bargain with him; and brought him down to fifteen piastres. I then endeavoured to bind him by the most solemn oath used by the Bedouins; laying his hand upon the head of his little boy, and on the fore feet of his mare, he swore that he would, for that sum, conduct me himself, or cause me to be conducted, to the Arabs Howeytat, from whence I might hope to find a mode of proceeding in safety to Egypt. My precautions, however, were all in vain. Being satisfied that my cash was reduced to a few piastres, he began his plans for stripping me of every other part of my property which had excited his wishes. The day after his oath, when we were about to depart from Ayme, he addressed me in the presence of the whole company, saying that his saddle would fit my horse better than my own did, and that he would therefore change saddles with me. Mine was worth nearly forty piastres, his was not worth more than ten. I objected to the exchange, pretending that I was not accustomed to ride upon the low Bedouin saddle; he replied, by assuring me that I should soon find it much more agreeable than the town saddle; moreover, said he, you may depend upon it that the Sheikh of the Howeytat will take your saddle from you, if you do not give it to me. I did not dare to put the Sheikh in mind of his oath, for had I betrayed to the company his having extorted from me so much, merely for the sake of his company, he would certainly have been severely reprimanded by the Bedouins pre-

sent, and I should thus have exposed myself to the effects of his revenge. All the bystanders at the same time pressed me to comply with his request: "Is he not your brother?" said they. "Are not the best morsels of his dish always for you? Does he not continually fill your pipe with his own tobacco? Fie upon your stinginess." But they did not know that I had calculated upon paying part of the hire of a guide to Egypt with the value of the saddle, nor that I had already handsomely paid for my brotherhood. I at last reluctantly complied; but the Sheikh was not yet satisfied: the stirrups he had given me, although much inferior to those he had taken from me, were too good in his eyes, to form part of my equipment. In the evening his son came to me to propose an exchange of these stirrups against a pair of his own almost unfit for use, and which I knew would wound my ankles, as I did not wear boots; but it was in vain to resist. The pressing entreaties of all my companions in favour of the Sheikh's son lasted for two whole days; until tired at length with their importunity, I yielded, and, as I had expected, my feet were soon wounded. I have entered into these details in order to shew what Arab cupidity is: an article of dress, or of equipment, which the poorest townsman would be ashamed to wear, is still a covetable object with the Bedouins; they set no bounds to their demands, delicacy is unknown amongst them, nor have they any word to express it; if indeed one persists in refusing, they never take the thing by force; but it is extremely difficult to resist their eternal applications and compliments without yielding at last.

This rather reverses the picture of Arab hospitality; but Mr. B. was obliged to submit to be plundered for a period, while he went on with the Sheikh to Tafyle, conjectured to be the Phanon or Phynon mentioned by Eusebius.

The fields of Tafyle are frequented by immense numbers of crows; the eagle Rakham is very common in the mountains, as are also wild boars. In all the Wadys south of the Modjeb, and particularly in those of Modjeb and El Ahna, large herds of mountain goats, called by the Arabs Beden, are met with. This is the Steinbock, or Bouquetin of the Swiss and Tyrol Alps: they pasture in flocks of forty or fifty together; great numbers of them are killed by the people of Kerek and Tafyle, who hold their flesh in high estimation. They sell the large knotty horns to the Hebron merchants, who carry them to Jerusalem, where they are worked into handles for knives and daggers. I saw a pair of these horns at Kerek three feet and a half in length. The Arabs told me that it is very difficult to get a shot at them, and that the hunters hide themselves among the reeds on the banks of streams where the animals resort in the evening to drink; they also asserted, that when pursued, they will throw themselves from a height of fifty feet and more upon their heads without receiving any injury. The same thing is asserted by the hunters in the Alps. In the mountains of Belka, Kerek, Djebel, and Shera, the bird Katta* is met with in immense numbers; they fly in such large flocks that the Arab boys often kill two and three at a time, merely by throwing a stick amongst them. Their eggs, which they lay in the rocky

* A species of partridge.

ground, are collected by the Arabs. It is not improbable that this bird is the Selous, or quail, of the children of Israel.

Burckhardt soon after leaving Tefle was transferred from the Sheikh of Kerek to a Guide, a Howeytat Arab, who engaged to conduct him to Cairo and provide a camel for 80 piastres (of which the greedy Sheikh pocketed 40.) The Howeytats resemble Egyptians in their features; and are leaner and taller than the northern Arabs. The country they occupy is very strong, and they are always at war with the Bedouins. The Guide turned out to be as complete a pilferer on a smaller scale, as the Sheikh himself, and after a sharp struggle the Traveller got rid of him and engaged a Bedouin. He was still 400 miles from Cairo. Many interesting occurrences mark the journey: the following displays the tact of the Traveller, and shows how well he was calculated to be a successful explorer of difficult regions.

--- "The road from Shobak to Akaba, which is tolerably good, and might easily be rendered practicable even to artillery, lies to the E. of Wady Mousa; and to have quitted it, out of mere curiosity to see the Wady, would have looked very suspicious in the eyes of the Arabs; I therefore pretended to have made a vow to slaughter a goat in honour of Haroun (Aaron), whose tomb I knew was situated at the extremity of the valley, and by this stratagem I thought that I should have the means of seeing the valley in my way to the tomb. To this my guide had nothing to oppose; the dread of drawing upon himself, by resistance, the wrath of Haroun, completely silenced him."

In the winding valley are many remains of walls and paved roads, all of flint.

--- "Upon the summit of the mountain near the spot where the road to Wady Mousa diverges from the great road to Akaba, are a number of small heaps of stones, indicating so many sacrifices to Haroun. The Arabs who make vows to slaughter a victim to Haroun, think it sufficient to proceed as far as this place, from whence the dome of the tomb is visible in the distance; and after killing the animal they throw a heap of stones over the blood which flows to the ground. Here my guide pressed me to slaughter the goat which I had brought with me from Shobak, for the purpose, but I pretended that I had vowed to immolate it at the tomb itself.

"I hired a guide at Eldji, to conduct me to Haroun's tomb, and paid him with a pair of old horse-shoes. He carried the goat, and gave me a skin of water to carry, as he knew that there was no water in the Wady below.

"In following the rivalet of Eldji westwards the valley soon narrows again; and it is here that the antiquities of Wady Mousa begin. Of these I regret that I am not able to give a very complete account: but I knew well the character of the people around me; I was without protection in the midst of a desert where no traveller had ever before been seen; and a close examination of these works of the infidels, as they are called, would have excited suspicions that I was a magician in search of treasures; I should at least have been detained and prevented from prosecuting my journey to Egypt, and in all probability should have been stripped of the little money which I possessed, and what was infinitely more valuable, to me, of my Journal book. Future travellers may visit

the spot under the protection of an armed force; the inhabitants will become more accustomed to the researches of strangers; and the antiquities of Wady Mousa will then be found to rank amongst the most curious remains of ancient art.

"At the point where the valley becomes narrow is a large sepulchral vault, with a handsome door hewn in the rock on the slope of the hill which rises from the right bank of the torrent: on the same side of the rivalet, a little farther on, I saw some other sepulchres with singular ornaments. Here a mass of rock has been insulated from the mountain by an excavation, which leaves a passage five or six paces in breadth between it and the mountain. It forms nearly a cube of sixteen feet, the top being a little narrower than the base; the lower part is hallowed into a small sepulchral cave with a low door; but the upper part of the mass is solid. There are three of these mausolea at a short distance from each other. A few paces lower, on the left side of the stream, is a larger mausoleum similarly formed, which appears from its decayed state, and the style of its architecture, to be of more ancient date than the others. Over its entrance are four obelisks, about ten feet in height, cut out of the same piece of rock; below is a projecting ornament, but so much defaced by time that I was unable to discover what it had originally represented; it had, however, nothing of the Egyptian style." ---

"About fifty paces below the entrance of the Syk a bridge of one arch thrown over the top of the chasm is still entire; immediately below it, on both sides, are large niches worked in the rock, with elegant sculptures, destined probably for the reception of statues. Some remains of antiquities might perhaps be found on the top of the rocks near the bridge; but my guide assured me, that notwithstanding repeated endeavours had been made, nobody had ever been able to climb up the rocks to the bridge, which was therefore unanimously declared to be the work of the Djan, or evil genii. In continuing along the winding passage of the Syk, I saw in several places small niches cut in the rock, some of which were single; in other places there were three or four together, without any regularity; some are mere holes, others have short pilasters on both sides; they vary in size from ten inches to four or five feet in height; and in some of them the bases of statues are still visible." ---

"After proceeding for twenty-five minutes between the rocks, we came to a place where the passage opens, and where the bed of another stream coming from the south joins the Syk. On the side of the perpendicular rock, directly opposite to the issue of the main valley, an excavated mausoleum came in view, the situation and beauty of which are calculated to make an extraordinary impression upon the traveller, after having traversed for nearly half an hour such a gloomy and almost subterraneous passage as I have described. It is one of the most elegant remains of antiquity existing in Syria; its state of preservation resembles that of a building recently finished, and on a closer examination I found it to be a work of immense labour." ---

"The natives call this monument Kasr Farapun, or Pharaoh's castle; and pretend

that it was the residence of a prince. But it was rather the sepulchre of a prince, and great must have been the opulence of a city, which could dedicate such monuments to the memory of its rulers."

There are many other sepulchres in the Wady Mousa; and Mr. B. says,

"In continuing a little farther among the sepulchres, the valley widens to about one hundred and fifty yards in breadth. Here to the left is a theatre cut entirely out of the rock, with all its benches. It may be capable of containing about three thousand spectators: its area is now filled up with gravel, which the winter torrent brings down. The entrance of many of the sepulchres is in like manner almost choked up. There are no remains of columns near the theatre. Following the stream about one hundred and fifty paces further, the rocks open still farther, and I issued upon a plain two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards across, bordered by heights of more gradual ascent than before. Here the ground is covered with heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of columns, and vestiges of paved streets; all clearly indicating that a large city once existed here; on the left side of the river is a rising ground extending westwards for nearly a quarter of an hour, entirely covered with similar remains. On the right bank, where the ground is more elevated, ruins of the same description are also seen." ---

MEMOIRS OF ARTEMI.

After his affair with the clerical Robin Hood of Merk-Kulap, our amusing friend again fell under the lash of his compatriot tyrants, in consequence of the murder of a Persian at Wagarschapat. As an atonement for this offence, the Khan of Erivan issued orders that the inhabitants should build a fortress on Mount Ararat; and as poor Artemi had always his full share of passing troubles, he was fixed upon as one of the perpetual labourers. The hardships endured were dreadful, and many perished. When completed, Artemi returning home was nearly drowned in the river Ampert.

My strength, (says he) however, would soon have forsaken me, as all my limbs were almost completely benumbed by the coldness of the water, had it not so happened that a Persian was walking to and fro on the bank, seeking the shallowest and most convenient place for his ass to cross; for this animal, as every body knows, cannot swim, is therefore afraid of the water, and will not venture into it where it is muddy, but only in such places where it is shallow and clear, and the bottom may be distinctly seen. Perceiving this Persian, I exclaimed: "Man sent by God, help, save me!" He immediately stripped, plunged into the water, took me by the arm, and dragged me to the shore. As all my garments were carried away by the torrent, he covered me with his mantle, placed me on his ass, and led me to the village of Akarak, not above a verst distant from the river, formerly inhabited by Armenians, but now exclusively by Persians. ---

At this place (he continues) I remained a fortnight, in which I completely recovered my strength, and my health improved. During this interval I went to see the old fortress there, and the ruins of the convent of Parbi, the first

that was founded in the third century by the blessed martyr and apostle of Armenia, St. Grigorios. To this place persons bitten by mad dogs are still brought, and here they find a cure; or a little of the earth taken from the interior of the church is put into water, and the latter given to the patient to drink. The origin of this mode of cure is as follows:—St. Grigorios was officiating in this edifice, when some Pagans threw a mad dog (I know not whether it was dead or alive) into the church, and said tauntingly to Grigorios: "If thy God is so mighty, cure this dog." The saint addressed his prayers to God; they were attended with this miraculous effect, that the dog ran out of the church in perfect health, and that all persons afflicted with madness from the bite of a rabid animal, when brought hither, instantly recover.

In a fortnight Artemi was recovered, and again set out for Wagarschapat. He tells us—

My road led through the village of Uschakan, which is about fifteen wersts from our place. By the way I found, at the foot of a hill, a monument of rough stone, about two fathoms and a half in height. I stopped to survey it, and regretted that I could not read the inscription upon it in ancient Greek; when an inhabitant of Uschakan came towards me and said: "What art thou here examining so inquisitively? or hast thou a mind to be the eighth?" By these words my curiosity was but the more strongly excited, and I earnestly besought him to inform me who was interred under this stone. "On this spot," said he, "there were formerly vine-yards, and where this monument stands were interred seven brothers, who were murdered by robbers, being sent out by their father one after the other to look for the first who was missing, and who had been left here as a watchman. At length, after waiting in vain for the return of the last of them, he went himself, and was also slain and thrown by the villains into a pit, in which the juice of the grapes is collected: for which reason this place is called the Tomb of the Seven Brothers."

It has, we dare say, been surmised by this time that our author is sufficiently credulous and superstitious; but, lest a doubt should remain on the subject, we shall take leave to transcribe a few of his relations belonging to that class.

On the plain of Arakat,

Not far from the foot of the mountain I found, on one of the many rocky hills there, a sort of small lake, or rather a collection of stagnant water, and around it large heaps of fragments of different kinds of earthen vessels. My fellow-traveller confirmed what I had long before and repeatedly been told concerning this spot, namely, that at the decease of St. Mesrop, Wagan Amatuni, the then prince of Uschakan, a powerful monarch in his day, insisted that Mesrop, as a native of Uschakan, should be buried in the church of that place, where he was himself in the sequel interred beside him. The ecclesiastics of the convent of Etschmiazyn, who bore the remains of the saint, had set them down on this spot, that they and the vast concourse of people who followed might have an opportunity of resting themselves. No sooner did they begin to move forward again, than there fell an uncommonly violent

shower, which lasted only a few minutes, but all the water of which collected on the spot where Mesrop's body had rested. Ever since that time all persons having the itch or other cutaneous disorders come hither on pilgrimage, bringing with them new vessels which have not been used. With these they here pour Mesrop's water over themselves, break their vessels, and obtain an immediate cure. This may be relied on as true: but I am not equally certain, whether this water dries up in summer and collects afresh from rains, or whether it always remains just as it is without receiving any supply from springs. - - -

On Ascension-day all the inhabitants of the district of Erivan assemble on a very lofty mountain, rather more than two days' journey to the north-east of our town. My mother and I went thither also on our ass, leaving my sister-in-law at home. The above-mentioned mountain is connected by a range of hills with the Arakat. Its summits are almost inaccessible, for the prodigious masses of rock rise almost perpendicularly. For the rest it affords delightful views, being every where clothed with herbs of different kinds, and among its flowers is the highly odoriferous *urz*. There are many deer and a still greater number of wild goats, which are remarkable for their horns, above an *arschine** and a half in length. These are much used by the Persians for musical horns, with which it is customary to call the people together to prayers and on other occasions, and which have a very agreeable tone. The mountain is divided, as it were, by a deep ravine, into which a small stream descends from the most elevated summit; this stream again loses itself at the foot of the opposite hill. High up, in one of the steep rocky declivities of this ravine, is a cavern formed by the hand of nature, to which there is no access but by the aid of ladders. The interior of the cavern is divided into two apartments, the first of which is capable of containing a hundred persons, and in the second, which is much smaller, divine service is performed on Ascension-day: beneath a hillock in the latter, repose, according to tradition, the remains of the blessed martyr St. Barbara. On the left of this hillock is a small piece of standing water that never dries up. Here I investigated, myself, with the utmost attention, the following extraordinary phenomenon. Beneath this cavern there is another of much smaller dimensions, from the roof of which, under the spot where the water stands in the upper cavern, drops are continually oozing. These drops fall upon men indiscriminately, but upon such women only as have had children; if any other female steps under the spot where a drop is just ready to fall, it runs farther, and let her follow it as often as she will, the same thing is repeated. I witnessed an experiment of this kind, and can therefore attest the truth of this statement.

At Erivan he says,

- - - I earnestly entreated my brother to visit the Ararat with me, or if I could not prevail so far with him, to accompany me to the south side of the mountain to the convent of Chor-wirab, (that is, the deep hole,†) or

* An *arschine* is 2 ft. 4 in. English measure.

† This hole was, in the reign of Tiridates, the place of capital punishment for malefactors,

at least to the next monastery, erected about 1300 years ago by St. James, archbishop of Myzypinsk, quite at the foot of the mountain, on its western side. It stands on the very spot where the righteous Noah, on descending from the top of Ararat, planted the first vine, and established a vineyard: hence it is called Eark-Uri, (the first-planted vineyard, or vine.) These two convents were formerly inhabited by monks, but are now quite deserted. The latter is remarkable for the following circumstance: St. James, the above-mentioned archbishop of Myzypinsk, determined, at least so we are told by the holy fathers, to ascend to the top of Ararat, to examine the spot where Noah's ark rested. He prayed most fervently, and set out on his expedition. When he could proceed no farther for weariness, he sought to recruit his strength by sleep, but he always found himself on awaking at the very same place from which he had started, or not far from it. He persevered, however, in the attempt for seven years, till at length an angel appeared to him in a vision, bringing him a piece of the uncorrupted wood of the ark, and telling him, that God would not wholly disregard his prayers and his fatigues; that he had therefore sent this piece of wood to gratify his curiosity; but that he could not obtain a sight of the ark itself till he should return to the bosom of his mother and be able to explore her bowels.

James found the wood given to him by the angel in his vision* lying beside him when he awoke. To testify this event to future ages, St. James prayed to God to work some lasting miracle on this spot, and at his prayer a spring gushed forth, and is still to be seen about a werst above the convent. This spring has no outlet, and its waters possess this wonderful property. In the surrounding country there are black birds of small size, which follow the water of the spring, not in great number, nor at a great distance, whenever it is carried away, as I have myself seen, when some of it was brought to our town; and I can attest it as an established truth, that birds of this species are met with no where but in the environs of this spring. If corn-fields are infested by worms or attacked by locusts, the people immediately sprinkle them with this water. At the smell of the water those birds immediately come flocking together, God knows whence, like a thick black cloud, alight upon the field, devour the locusts or other pernicious insects, and thus preserve the corn. This water is carried to Georgia, and to all the contiguous provinces of the Turkish and Persian empire, and the Mahometans themselves have recourse to it in such cases: but it must not upon any account be set down on the floor or on the ground, but kept constantly suspended, otherwise it loses all its virtue.

none of whom survived twenty-four hours in it but the blessed martyr, St. Gregory, being thrown in by command of Tiridates, lived here unhurt fourteen years together, among serpents, scorpions, and other venomous animals.—*Author.*

* This piece of wood is now kept at the convent of Etschmiazyn; how long it has been there I cannot precisely say. It is of a grayish colour, as compact as bone, of an agreeable smell, but differing from every known species of wood: it bears marks of having been chopped and split with an ordinary axe, whereas, in our country, tools of a totally different kind are used for the purpose.—*Author.*

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VEIL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

We are requested to correct some of the statements in our No. 284, respecting this venerable relic of antiquity. Sir J. C. Hippisley (to whom this interesting bequest was made by the will of the late Cardinal of York) does not claim *himself* to be a descendant of the Royal House of Stuart: It is otherwise expressly stated in one of the authentic attestations annexed to the representation of the Veil, as it distinctly refers, not to the mother of Sir J. C. Hippisley, but to the wife, who was the daughter of Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, Bart.

The pension to the Cardinal, of 4000*l.* was granted by *his late Majesty*, who on the decease of the Cardinal also munificently granted a pension of 1600*l.* per annum to the Countess of Albany, widow of the Cardinal's elder brother, Charles Edward, which Princess was a daughter of the Prince of Stolberg, and nearly allied to the noble family of the Bruces of this kingdom. The Marquiss of Aylesbury has liberally granted a pension of 100*l.* to the mother of the Countess, who still resides, in very reduced circumstances, at Francfort on the Maine. The gold medal (a part of the Cardinal's legacy) is also erroneously stated to have been a coin of Queen Mary; whereas it is a medal of the Cardinal's portrait.

The extracts of attestations engraved on the plate, under the representation of the Veil, are of Monsignor Angelo Cesarini, Bishop of Mèlevi, sole executor of the Cardinal of York, and of Signor Andrea degli Abbati, the principal officer of the household of the late Cardinal, and a legate of his will. At the four angles of the Veil are attached, worked in crimson silk and gold, what is termed the "*stemma*" of the order of Jesuits—a cross, with the letters *I.H.S.*, and the representation of a heart pierced with thorns, surrounded by a glory.

The Cardinal of York devised also by will to his present Majesty, an ancient ring, worn by the kings of Scotland at their coronation, and the Order of St. Andrew worn by Charles I. on the scaffold. Before the French revolution, the revenues of the Cardinal, principally derived from rich abbeys in France and Spain, in addition to his Roman bishopric of Frascati, amounted to 24,000*l.* sterling per annum. The Cardinal was also Chancellor of the See of Rome. When the French invaded the Roman State, he fled with many other Cardinals, and was present at the Conclave at Venice, at the election of the present Pope. The Cardinal at that time was reduced to a subsistence by the sale of the small remains of plate in his possession; and in this distressed state the munificent act of his late Majesty was announced to him in the bosom of the Conclave. The Cardinal's existing correspondence demonstrates that the act was duly appreciated not only by himself but by his colleagues.—Of the Cross, said to be in the possession of the celebrated German actress, Mrs. Scholz, the writer of the present article has no information other than what is stated in the *Literary Gazette*. J. C. H.

FINE ARTS.

STATUE TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, ETC.

THE Ladies of England having, with a spirit which does them infinite grace, resolved to erect a Monument in honour of the Duke of Wellington and his brave Companions in victory—the brothers, sons, lovers, and husbands of many of those from whom the tribute so nobly and so gratefully comes—, about ten thousand pounds were voluntarily and speedily raised; and but for the jealousies and envy which interfere with all plans of this kind, it is probable that a greater amount would have been subscribed, so as to enable the Artist to enrich his design with sculptures illustrative of the achievements of Wellington, in relief, upon the base.* What has been done, however, is worthy both of the intention and of the Arts; and we enjoy a high gratification in having to describe the Bronze Statue which now adorns Hyde Park.

The Founding of Statues having, till within these few years, hardly afforded any practice, or attracted any attention in this country, it may be interesting to preface what we have to say with a brief notice of that subject. The estimation in which the Art was held by the Greeks must have been extraordinary, as we may judge by the catalogues of works in bronze, and the critiques upon them, left us by Plutarch, Pliny, Pausanias, and other writers of antiquity. It is generally admitted that the mode adopted in its infancy, was either by casting in solid, or by beating the metal, and riveting the several lamina; but at the time of Phidias†, and Polyclethus‡, and from Myron§, who flourished about four centuries and a half B.C., the art of casting in metal was greatly advanced, and ultimately brought to the highest degree of perfection by Lysippus and his disciples; and so prodigious was the number of works produced, that notwithstanding the quantity transported to Rome, (many of which were employed by Nero in the decoration of his Golden Palace, by Vespasian in the Temple of Peace, and in other constructions) Pliny recounts that upwards of 3000 were to be seen in the Island of Rhodes, and an equal number at Delphi, Athens, and Olympia! The dismemberment, if we may so term it, of the Grecian States on the death of Alexander the Great, affected the Arts so sensibly,

* Thence originated mischievous reports and idle inventions to prejudice the design; such, for instance, as that the head of the Duke of Wellington was to be (ridiculously) placed upon the rude figure of Achilles! We remember well that this was so generally credited, that it did much injury to the proposed monument.—*Ed.*

† Some of the most famous statues of Phidias, such as his Jupiter at Elis, were of gold and ivory.

‡ Of Sicyon, whose Body-Guard of the King of Persia was so perfect a model of the human form, that it obtained the appellation of *The Rule*. He lived two centuries and a half B.C. and about two centuries later than Phidias, to whom he was preferred.

§ Of Eleuthera in Boeotia. The Anthologia notices a famous cow, modelled by him, in many epigrams: it so closely resembled nature as to deceive the living species.

that we may date their decline, generally, from Lysippus, and particularly the art of casting in bronze. The military spirit which governed the Romans exclusively for many ages, would not suffer them to cultivate the Arts; and it was not until their acquaintance with Greece that they acquired a taste which led them to despoil the cities they conquered, and decorate their own with finely wrought statues and noble monuments. Under Augustus, indeed, the Arts flourished, but that of casting in metal must then have been lost, or very imperfectly understood, as we find the Four Elephants he had made to decorate the *Via Sacra* were of hammered metal riveted together. The Colossus of Nero,* by Zenodorus, we have every reason to believe from the expressions of Pliny, was of the same kind;† and we cannot properly date the revival of this Art until the age of Domitian, when Celon, a Greek artist, was employed to cast a colossal statue of that emperor. From this period to the time of Severus, who commemorated in a colossal work in bronze, an imagined event relating to Pertinax his predecessor, little is said of this Art; and from the latter date we have no authentic records of any works of magnitude in bronze or other metal being produced. We may therefore not merely assume, but assert, that it is now upwards of 1600 years since a cast work of the colossal scale of that now erected in Hyde Park has been achieved!

Meagre as this history may seem, it is the grand outline of all that has reached us respecting the art of casting in bronze; and it is worthy of remark, that not even so much is known of the model upon which Mr. Westmacott has chosen to revive it. It is extraordinary that a work, which has excited not only by its magnitude, but by its excellence, the admiration of the greatest Artists of modern times, should not have been mentioned either by Pausanias or any other ancient writer upon Art; and that all we can tell of it is, that this splendid original (from which our Statue is cast, (attributed to Phidias and existing on the Quirinal Hill at Rome,) was removed from the Baths of Constantine in the Papacy of Sixtus V. and erected on its present site under the direction of Fontana. The horse which accompanies the Statue, was discovered near it, and applied (whether properly or not it is here unnecessary to discuss) to form a group. It possesses very considerable merit, but has been held by many connoisseurs not to be in unison with the grandeur of form displayed in the Sta-

* 110 or 120 feet in height, and consecrated to the sun. From this statue the Coliseum took its name.

† The same may also be inferred from the nature of the alterations made by Vespasian, when he substituted the head of Apollo for that of Nero, and encircled it with beams 7½ feet long.

‡ The statue of Cardinal Borromeo, on the Lago Maggiore (about 50 feet high,) is of laminae, beaten and riveted together; and the works at Florence and Bologna are of hercynic rather than of colossal dimensions.

tue.* Some enlightened Antiquaries have conjectured that it was raised in honour of Achilles; and as the Statue simply has been adopted by Mr. Westmacott, he appears to have preferred that opinion, and to have armed him with the short Greek sword and shield. It is not our purpose to enter upon the question of the applicability of this figure to the modern hero; but we are sure that whoever beholds its imposing and sublime effect, will rejoice that, as a work of Art, it has been selected.

The height of the Statue as it stands, is rather more than eighteen feet. It is erected upon a basement and plinth of Dartmoor gray granite, surmounted on a simple pedestal of red granite from Peterhead (near Aberdeen, and exceedingly beautiful); the whole, with the mound, from the line of road, being thirty-six feet in height. The site is just within the angle where, after entering by the gate at Hyde Park Corner, the carriage-roads divide; the one leading to Oxford Street, the other to the Serpentine. The Statue fronts the corner, and the head is turned almost directly towards the residence of the Hero whose glories it commemorates in the following inscription in bronze letters on the pedestal:—

TO ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS,
THE STATUE OF ACHILLES,
CAST FROM CANNON TAKEN IN THE BATTLES
OF SALAMANCA, VITTORIA, TOULOUSE,
AND WATERLOO,
IS INSCRIBED
BY THEIR COUNTRY-WOMEN.

Upon the base (not yet affixed) will appear the following Inscription:—

PLACED ON THIS SPOT,
ON THE XVIII DAY OF JUNE MDCCCXXII.
BY COMMAND OF
HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

The Statue was brought upon the ground on this Anniversary of the Victory of Waterloo; and the time since has been employed in the difficult task (which will be completed in another week) of elevating and placing it upon the pedestal. The mechanical means used in transporting it from the foundry and effecting this its final position were necessarily of immense power; for we learn that its weight cannot be esti-

* Plaster casts of the Statue and Horse were exhibited in the Mews, Charing Cross, some years since, when the following curious observation was made on this subject:—One of the most scientific horse-dealers in London, a person well acquainted with the anatomy of the animal, remarked on seeing it, that he was astonished at the knowledge and skill displayed by the ancient Artist, who had thrown the horse into an attitude which none but those of the *highest blood* could assume. This applied to the position of the hind legs; and if we are correctly informed, the Horse ought to stand much higher than it does, in consequence of the fore-legs having been restored by an Artist of inferior judgment in the form of that noble creature.

* Others have imagined it to represent Castor; but there seems to be little ground for this supposition, unless the Statue were positively connected with the horse; it wants the bonnet, the usual appendage of the Dioscuri.

mated at less than 33 or 34 tons!!* In its composition twelve 24 pounders were melted; but as the metal of cannon is too brittle to be wrought into such shapes, it was requisite to add about one-third more of metal, whose fusion would render the work, if we may say so, pliant and perfect. The whole is thus equal to eighteen 24-pounders; and it may gratify curiosity to state in what manner this immense design was executed. The extraordinary magnitude and prodigious weight of the Statue, although they did not present insurmountable obstacles to casting in one mass, must nevertheless have occasioned many difficulties, considerable hazard, and much expense, had that course been adopted. It would also have interfered with the plan which the artist has so judiciously pursued in copying his model so as to make his Statue a fac-simile of the original. To effect this, he restored the time-corroded parts by floating the surface with a composition which exactly filled up the anatomical details, and enabled him to accomplish his admirable purpose. Having thus far proceeded, he followed a mode frequently practised by the ancients, by separating the extremities from the trunk in casting; but instead of attaching them by the ancient method (by what is commonly called Swallows-tails, and exemplified in several antique bronzes, particularly those in the Museum at Portici), Mr. W. adopted fusion, as far as we are informed an entirely new process, and one which avoids all risk of separation and renders the junction of the parts invisible. This we consider to have been a happy idea, and certainly its execution, as seen in the Statue, reflects infinite credit on the genius of the artist. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the figure. Not a flaw or a scratch detract from the harmony of its pure proportions and anatomical markings. The surface of the body, the limbs, the head, are all as exquisitely finished, as if the production were a copy of as many inches in size as it is of feet. The workmanship is indeed surprising; and until we witnessed it, we could not have believed so large a design susceptible of being so finely cast. To speak of its entire effect upon the spectator, if we may judge from the impression upon our own mind, we will say that it is imposing and sublime in an extraordinary degree. Burke justly ranked magnitude among the sources of the latter feeling; and probably no work of Art exists in which it is so intimately connected with grace and beauty. As, however, we propose in our next Number to give an Engraving of this Monument, we shall not at present enlarge upon its appearance, but conclude with mentioning a coincidence deserving of being remembered as long as it shall adorn the British Metropolis.

In ancient Greece, the honoured Victors

* The thickness of the metal varies from about an inch at the head, to 1½ and 2 inches, as the figure descends; and as it was impossible to extract the core from its internal frame, a great addition is thus made to its weight. The core consists of a composition of plaster, cow-dung, and other materials,

of the Olympic games, on returning crowned to their native cities, were not permitted to enter them by the common way and gate; to distinguish them above all their compatriots, a breach was made in the wall, by which they were borne home in triumph. By one of those accidents which seem to be fate, the Ladies' Statue to the Duke of Wellington, when brought to its destination, was found to be too mighty for the gates by which it should have entered, and it became necessary to breach the wall for the admission of this trophy to a Victor more glorious than ever threw lustre on the resplendent annals of immortal Greece.

BRITISH ARTISTS AT ROME.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following interesting extract of a letter from Rome, for which we are indebted to an obliging friend.

"I promised to inform you how the English artists studying here are employed. As you are acquainted with most of them personally or by reputation, you will feel interested in the following report (though slight) of their progress.—You have heard me mention Gibson, a young sculptor of extraordinary promise, who has been studying here these two years; he was, I believe, a protégé of Mr. Roscoe's, who may be proud of the reputation he has fostered; for Gibson's last work, *Psyche borne by the Zephyrs*, has placed him at least by the side of any living artist. I have the satisfaction of adding, that Sir George Beaumont has commissioned him to execute it in marble, and in two years you will probably see it in England; his other works are, *Cupid disarming Mars*, executing for the Duke of Devonshire in marble, at the liberal recommendation of Canova, who holds Gibson's talents in very high estimation; and *A Nymph attiring*, a commission for which in marble has been given by Mr. Watson Taylor. Gibson has also finished in plaster an exquisite figure of *Paris presenting the Apple to Venus*. But his beautiful subject, is that selected from the tale of *Psyche*: the fine invention, purity of sentiment, and beautiful forms which it displays, make it the most interesting work in sculpture I have ever seen; and there is as much room for congratulation to Sir G. Beaumont on the possession of such a work of art, as for praise for the liberal spirit which prompts him to encourage the rising merit of Gibson by the commission to execute it. Westmacott, son of the R. A. has just finished a very chaste figure of *Dionæ seizing the Palladium*. It is a curious fact, that one of the models he employed, had been employed 22 years before by his father, for the subject for which he (the father) was rewarded with the first gold medal of the Academy of St. Luke. Among the Painters here, Eastlake, who you know has resided in Rome several years, has greatly improved; but he has lately confined his practice, perhaps too much, to painting Banditti scenes and subjects: his numerous commissions for such pictures may plead his excuse, but the talent they display induce his friends to hope that it may soon be employed upon

more important subjects. Brockedon, who has now left us, spent the last winter in study here, and produced a fine and clever, if not a grand, picture of the Vision of the Chariots to the prophet Zechariah, which has been publicly exhibited in the Pantheon: it is the first time the compliment has ever been paid to an English painter. It was highly praised by his contemporaries here, and its merits acknowledged by the resident Italian and French artists, though to the Italians its force of *chiaro scuro* must have presented a striking contrast to their own lighter productions. You will probably see it in England. Davis, an English painter, whose name you will not, I think, remember,* finished a clever picture this spring: the subject, *A Maniac visited in Confinement by his Family*; the Maniac's expression is as fine as possible. Of Lane, we know nothing but that he has been here nearly seven years engaged on a picture which nobody has seen, not even his most intimate friends, and he talks of giving, possibly, two years more to it: The subject is said to be Joseph and Mary; but how this can be spun out to a nine years' work, is to me incomprehensible. That he is a painter at all, is only known to the Italians through the models who sit to him, and who have now so long reported the progress and alterations of his work, that it has become a standing joke with his friends, and a malicious one with his enemies; but I trust its appearance will at least obliterate all those of the latter description, for Lane has too much talent not to produce something important and clever at last. Donaldson, and several architects, have left us this season, whose laborious investigations in Greece and Italy will be a great addition to our knowledge upon the subjects of their researches." -----

* We remember his pictures very well. He was frequently noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.* as an Artist of uncommon promise.—Ed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

How frail is man! of those we knew of yore,
Our morning friends, how many are no more!
And those who now survive, ah! soon must fall;
Nought is immortal on this earthly ball:
Does not the moon, its chaste attendant bright,
Wane or increase with each revolving night?
Day follows night, and night succeeds to day;
The rolling seasons each to each gives way.
Thus change seems needful, Nature to sustain;
Then why should mortal man of change complain,
In whom this law of nature is display'd?
For by mutations human life is sway'd;
Childhood, then youth, prime manhood, last old age,
And death expels the driveller from life's stage.
These grave conceits have pass'd my mind of late;
Whence they arise the sequent numbers state.

Lately in town, it was my chance to meet
An old acquaintance in the public street;
Each other from our youth we had not seen,
Since when we sported on the village-green;
Associates we in learning and in play,
Off hand-in-hand to school we took our way;
Or on half-holidays we roam'd in quest
Of meadow-flow'rs, or sought the secret nest.

The stripling school-boy, with his rosy face,
Had fully ripen'd into manhood's grace;
Yet on that brow, once polish'd and serene,
Furrows of thought or carping care were seen:
Business alone had drawn him from his home;
Settled for life, no wish had he to roam.
I too was alter'd much; he hinted so,—
I took the hint, tho' age with self comes slow.
After inquiries of each other's weal
Since last we met, I begg'd him to reveal
The village news. Of all whom erst I knew,
There but remain'd alive a scanty few, [once poor;
And these were chang'd; some had grown rich,
Others, once rich, crav'd alms from door to door,
Or in the workhouse eat the parish bread,
Doled out by those their former bounty fed.
Says he, "the Rector,* whom you lash'd in rhyme,
Has yielded to the power of wealth, or time;
He seldom preaches on the sabbath-day,
Another curate starves upon his pay,
A meagre man, tho' learned and discreet;
Poor elf! I fear he hardly makes ends meet:
Five half-starv'd children and a sickly wife
Fill up to him the bitter cup of life;
The Rector-drone enjoys the honied meed
Of others' toils; they starve, that he may feed.
Ned Sly, th' informer, grandson to old Nick,
Has fled the country for some knavish trick.
Old Justice Bully, who with thund'ring tongue
So loud proclaim'd the offender's shame and wrong,
The paupers' dread, and maids that slipp'd aside
With naughty men, fell ill last week and died.
The Bouncer family, too, (for Heav'n is just)
Who soar'd so high, are humbled to the dust.
One piece of news remains for you to hear,
Which well demands the tribute of a tear.
Falt'ring he spoke, his bosom heav'd a sigh:
"Poor Friz is dead,—we all are born to die."

I recollect full well his coming down,
A flutt'ring coxcomb then, from London town;
The girls admir'd him, and our swains with pain
Saw smiles for him, whilst they met cold disdain:
The empty fop will often win the fair
From rugged worth, and mock at his despair.
Peach-bloom his coat, his hat with triple cocks,
A tap'ring queue, and crisp'd and powder'd locks;
Blue mottled hose with large white silken clocks,
Smart channel-pumps, and silver buckles broad
Adorn'd his feet—in town he wore a sword;
His clouded cane he dangled with an air—
The squire in dress with him might not compare.
Such was his garb some forty years ago;
But now, alas! grim Death has laid him low.

Off have I linger'd, in my boyish days,
Upon the windows of poor Friz to gaze:
One was devoted solely to his trade,
Wares of all kinds the other *bow* display'd;
Here gaudy prints were rang'd to make a show,
And penny hist'ries marshall'd in a row;
Soap, candles, sugar, tea, tobacco, snuff;
There wigs, perfumes, his razors, strop and puff.
A gen'ral chapman, provident was Friz,
If he could live, he heeded not a quiz.
Teeth he extracted almost without pain,—
I've heard it whisper'd he could breathe a vein;
This was *no secret*; doctors hate encroachers
Call'd quacks, as much as gamekeepers hate poachers.
Of Saturday, to Friz in all the week
The most important day, the Muse must speak:
What numbers throng'd his shop, without, within,
Each anxious to present his unrep'd chin
(A weekly crop) to his bright razor keen,
Whose magic touch could make the foulest clean.
Beards of all hues, black, grizzled, tawny, gray,
Downy and red, were smoothly shav'd away.

* The Rector; a parody on Goldsmith's Country Clergyman in the *Deserted Village*, printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 33, for Nov. 1819.

Light was his hand; an adept in his art,
He ne'er drew blood, or caused the slightest smart
Or awkward feel in that most ticklish part.
The village gossip circles briskly round;
Some sage old prosing swain, with looks profound,
Now opens out his budget, choice and rare,
Of wond'rous tales, and to their truth will swear.
Another, anxious not to be surpast,
Details more lying wonders than the last.
Friz in his turn his quota would supply,
His jokes were ever ready cut and dry.
Arch was his look, significant his leer,
Civil to all, his constant phrase "*my dear*;"
To men and women he applied the same,
That gentle salutation who could blame?
A would-be wit, his store of news supplies,
Geography and hist'ry he belies;
War, scandal, politics, the church and state,
Are each in turn the subject of debate.
Noise here supplied the place of common-sense,
Who roar'd the loudest had most eloquence.

Upon a time a call to Friz was given,
A heavenly call, he thought it came from heav'n;
And with that call was sent the gift of pray'r,
A flow of words, and tropes and figures rare.
What fluent nonsense trickled from his tongue!
How deep he grunted, and how loud he sung!
If in his shop some wicked wag should broach
A funny tale, tho' it were foul reproach
To seem to listen, yet you might espy
A merry twinkling agitate his eye;
Instant it past, a groan, a queer grimace
And prim, resum'd its empire o'er his face. [new,
Old things were chang'd, and all things were made
Resolv'd no more his calling to pursue
On Sabbath morns, and woe betide the wight
Who came too late on Saturday at night.
Shav'd or unshav'd, imperative his law
As Medes' and Persians', he must thence withdraw
Soon as the clock the hour of twelve had toll'd.
"Tis said his zeal defied the power of gold!
For once, while musing in his shop alone,
Midnight was past, his customers just gone,
Each bolt and bar and lock he'd made secure,
Behold One enter'd by the outer door;
Dark was his look, and sable his attire,
His lurid eyes gleam'd with unearthly fire;
And he requested to be shav'd and drest.
Friz negativ'd politely this request;
Told him he ne'er profan'd the sabbath-morn.
At this the sable stranger laugh'd in scorn;
He proffer'd gold; but Friz declin'd the bait,
Bade him depart; but still the man would wait.
Friz trembled now; for, looking down, he spied
A cloven foot* th' intruder sought to hide.
"Resist the devil and he'll flee from you,"
The Scripture saith: he pray'd, the tempter flew,
But left behind ('tis passing strange to tell,
And to believe) a vile sulphureous smell.
Just then a dog gave nine deep hideous howls;
He knew this was the enemy of souls,
Employed to tempt and prove his faith this night;
But prayer and faith put the foul fiend to flight.
There liv'd an ancient shaver o'er the way,
Who scrupled not to break the sabbath-day;
Yet 'twas a desperate case in those that gave
Their chins to him, to mangle, not to shave.
Falsied his hand, his razors dull to boot,
Beards were not shav'd, but pluck'd up by the root.

* I have heard a similar superstitious tale related in my youth, of a Barber in Yorkshire.—An apposite anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Priestley is told in Don Manuel Alvarez Espariella's *Letters from Spain*, (Southey.) A barber, who was shaving Dr. Priestley, at Exeter, heard his name in the midst of the operation; he dropt his razor immediately and ran out of the room, exclaiming, "that he had seen his cloven foot!"

And here those customers whom *Fris* dismiss'd,
Were doom'd to wince beneath his horny fist,
Their chins he seam'd with many a ghastly scar.—
Betwixt them rag'd a never ceasing war;
Oft they sprung up in furious mood and swore,
Their lather'd chins meanwhile distilling gore,
To stretch the bungler on his own shop-floor.
Hence have I seen them sullenly retreat,
Mutt'ring low curses as they walk'd the street,
(Patch'd was each face with cobweb or with flue,
To check the starting blood from oozing through)
Sternly resolv'd with *Fris* next week t' ensure
An early turn, by what they now endure.
Thus was his worth confess'd by friend and foe;
But now, alas! grim Death has laid him low.

Fris, in his merry mood, would quaintly tell
A strange adventure which to him befell,
And thus it was:—Just in the market-place
Liv'd *David Hick*, a rosy Boniface;
He sold good ale, and wine and spirits too;
"I knew him well, and all the village knew."
Upon a strange expedient he hit,
Which shew'd at once his oddness and his wit.
His sign was like the "Party Shield" of yore,
Each staring side a different emblem bore;
Here *St. George* battled with the dragon fierce;
A jolly sailor stood on the reverse,
Who, with a beck'ning hand and foaming pot,
Invited to the house each passing sot.
What tho' no knights in fierce encounter met
Like those of old, yet many an eager bet
This sign gave rise to, and he did not fail
To reap the profit—for it sold his ale.
In scenes like these the days of *David* fled,
Till *Atropos* cut short his vital thread.
Fris was call'd in upon that mournful night
To pay his neighbour the last needful rite:
"Twere odious sure to send him to the grave
With beard so long,—so he the corpse must have.
A host of vulgar terrors fill'd his head
At this request, and shook his soul with dread.
A wag beheld his fears, and humbly crav'd
To hold the candle whilst the dead he shav'd.
Together they proceeded up the stairs
Where *David* slept, devoid of earthly cares;
One sickly taper lighted up the room,
Which but increased the melancholy gloom.
Fris now approach'd the corpse with stealthy pace,
Napkin'd the chin, and lather'd the cold face;
High was the couch, and vainly he essay'd
To shave the dead, who in the midst was laid.
Emboldened by his mate, his fears subside,
Light he sprung up, and fairly got astride
Of the defunct, defying sprite or ghost;
But ah! he reckon'd here without his host.
Just at that juncture, lo! the waggish wight,
On mischief bent, popp'd out the winking light,
Slamm'd too the door, and quickly took to flight.
Fris sought with haste to make a good retreat;
He gave a spring;—was it the winding sheet?
Or, as he thought, the dead man held him fast,
And on the floor the affrighted barber cast!
He kick'd and struggled, plung'd and roar'd again,
Its iron grasp the corpse would firm maintain.
"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!"
So sings sweet *Gray*, whom every Muse inspires.
David in life was call'd a man of game,
And now in death appeared to be the same.
He, as indignant, from that bed's vast height
Roll'd on the prostrate foe his deadly weight;
Struggling awhile the groaning tonsor lay,
Press'd by this load of "monumental clay."
Murder! he shouts with hoarse-resounding breath,
With murder rings the awful room of death. [woe,
Rous'd by those thundering sounds and shrieks of
A motley group assembled from below
To learn the cause, the mystery to unfold,
And dreadful is the scene which they behold:

There lay the dead man, mix'd in mortal strife
With him who hardly now could boast of life:
In evil plight, *Fris* one nice sense annoy'd;
But here the blushing Muse demands a void.

From his flush'd nose the blood ran trickling down,
And many a bump was on his batter'd crown;
Spurzheim and Gall had been sore pos'd indeed
By his knobb'd cranium his forte to read.
When by assistance he his feet regain'd,
The puzzling conflict was at once explain'd;
His buckle-tongue, with firm tenacious clasp,
Still held the winding-sheet with giant grasp!
Next morn this feat was bruited far and near;
Fris join'd the laugh and brav'd the public jeer;
How slight the cause whence all his terrors sprung,
Simply the loosening of his buckle's tongue!
He liv'd to see the buckle in disgrace,
And the soft silken shoe-string take its place.

Peace to his manes,—he has pass'd the bourne
Whence mortal traveller can ne'er return;
What tho' unknown to heraldry and fame,
His life was useful and devoid of blame:
Another link of the fast less'ning chain
Of those I knew his death has snapt in twain;
His quips, and pranks, and oddities are o'er,
He never will amuse me with them more;
Like a parch'd stream whose waters cease to flow,
His spring of mirth is dry—grim Death has laid
him low.—

Hendon.

J. PERCY.

THE POST-CAPTAIN MARRIED: AN EPIGRAM.
D—n it, Jack, you've turn'd coward (said an un-
married Tar) [you've mated:

These scoldings to take from the Shrew whom
No, I'm still (replied Jack) the same brave man of
war,

And as such, you know, must consent to be rated.
TRUTHA.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. II.

EXCURSION TO HAMPSTEAD.*

SIR JOSHUA at length was prevailed upon to make an idle day; when Gainsborough observed—"No, no; Reynolds has already entered into an engagement with me, that the next time he played the truant, it should be to take a trip to Hampstead; so let him look to his bond. No, no, Reynolds, you see young faces enough at home, or the devil's in't—'tis no new sight to you. Let us go and pay court to the face of old Dame Nature, unsophisticated of art. The old duchess is now wrapped in her robe of green, newly dyed, and I am for Hampstead—so who holds up hands for old Dame Nature, against the Court?"

Whether it was to humour the enthusiast, or whether it might not arise from the same feeling which operated on my choice, namely, the desire to hear the remarks of two such rare geniuses, in a ramble amidst the wild scenery of the heath, the show of hands favoured the country excursion; and having arranged our campaign, we parted early, that we might rise with the lark. But man's re-

* Want of room prevented the insertion of this chapter last week; and to preserve our matter in keeping, we do not this week encroach upon the second paper, which makes this also a short chapter.

solves are sometimes "weaker than a woman's tear." I went with Gainsborough to his door, and was tempted to go in. "Only for five minutes," said the seducer; but as poor Fischer used to say—"O! mine fader Gainsboro, all his chairs have pitch." True it is, that when once seated under his spell, it was no easy matter to rise again; so we sat and gossiped on till one hour past midnight, and had to awake at five.

Gainsborough never went to his dormitory, as I have heard his good lady say, until he had been to his nursery to see that all was safe. This, by the way, was his painting-room, so dubbed by the said humourist, Master Fischer. Mrs. Fischer, too, has often smiled at the mental absence of her husband, and papa. Fischer, the celebrated performer on the hoboe, and favourite of the King, married a fair daughter of the painter's; and the two enthusiasts sometimes left their spouses, mamma and daughter, each to sleep away more than half the night alone. For one would get at his flageolet, which he played delightfully, and the other at his viol de gamba, and have such an inveterate set-to, that, as Mrs. Gainsborough said, a gang of robbers might have stripped the house, and set it on fire to boot, and the gentlemen been never the wiser. "In truth, I never met with fellows that, like them, lost all reckoning of time, when timing it to their cat-gut and tattle-too," said Caleb Whitefoord, "saving and excepting an old turbaned Turk, who used to sit in the mud, poor devil, and tattle-too on a miserable little organ, once for a whole afternoon and night, which would have agonized one of your sentimentalists to have heard. It tattle-tood so esthmatically."

The story was this—(verily I remember the poor old soul myself):—Fancy a tall, spare, venerable Turk, with a countenance of extreme benignity, squatted on the edge of the pavement, grinding a little organ of his own manufacturing. Its airs and melodies, which were past comprehension, resembled a congregation of cuckoo-clocks and children's whistles, aiming in concert to fabricate a tune, impelled by the agency of some bungler magician, who was no musician.

"This artless old soul," said Caleb, "got but little encouragement, but he never complained. He was grateful, however, for what he did get, and would grind you a full hour for a penny-piece. He never shifted his position winter or summer, in sunshine or in rain. When once he had squatted, there he remained, like Patience in a puddle smiling at Fate, until he was dismissed, or till his hour was accomplished.

"Think then what he must have felt, you that have hearts to feel," said Caleb, "when one day he received from the Marquis de Campo—aye, think what he must have felt, when he received from the hands of his Excellency (he was the Spanish Ambassador) a shining golden guinea!

"The Marquis resided in Great Marlborough-street; at the back of his house was a mews. Thither his Excellency went at noon, to see some newly-purchased horses, when lo, he beheld the old Mahometan playing to the grooms. Struck with his miserable appearance, he gave him a guinea, and stood awhile musing at his plight. He was a most benevolent nobleman.

"His Excellency went out, appeared at court, and at a round of routs and balls—returned home the next morning long after the break of day, and went to bed. He bore to

his pillow the image of the aged Turk, and fancied he still heard his piteous *wool-too*. "This is no vision," said he, and opened his chamber-window, which looked down the garden towards the mews. He rung the bell for his valet, sent him to see, and sure enough there sat the Turk, labouring away, first with the right hand, and then with the left, gratefully grinding in pious constancy; when the Ambassador, moved by compassion, arose from his bed, and with another guinea dismissed the old man himself.

"Fischer, Gainsborough, and old Tootle-too," said the merry Caleb, "were the three veriest Turks at an everlasting musical set-to, that stands on the records of historical fact."

But what detained me so long at my old friend Gainsborough's was, his swearing I should not depart until I had seen a new subject for his favourite show-box; the most amusing collection of transparencies that mortal ever conceived. He called for his lamp; and Caleb Whitefoord, whom I found there entertaining the ladies with his lively chat, knowing the trim and contrivance of the ingenious machine, acted as deputy-showman. Gainsborough, possessed with a new thought, late as it was (for he was no slave to time), set his palette, and began to touch up a moonlight, with gipsies over a blazing fire, dashing it in with magical effect. I was deputed candle-holder, standing like King William to his favourite, red-hot Schalken, the night-painter, with the wax guttering over my hands, and the waggish painter laughing in his sleeve. Luckily in his impetuosity to finish the piece, he knocked the candle out of my hand; and whilst he went to call for another, Caleb and I made our escape, with Gainsborough at our heels, rating us as two sleepy dogs, who had not energy sufficient to hold a farthing candle to illuminate a new chaos.

We assembled at Garrick's, according to agreement, and found his chariot already at the door. Gainsborough had invited Caleb Whitefoord, who was arrived. Reynolds drew up as St. Paul's struck six, which we heard from the Thames. We were all punctual to the minute, excepting Mr. Bunbury, who was a quarter of an hour after his time, which must be excused, said Sir Joshua, with his accustomed good-nature: for Garrick began to fidget and pull out his watch ten times in a minute, as he heard his impatient horses paw the ground. "Consider, consider, my friend Davy," said Reynolds, "we are waiting for a young man of fashion, whose movements are neither controlled by parish clock nor prompter's bell." Bunbury at length appeared, fresh from the toilette. His elegant manners graced an apology for being beyond his time, *when all was right*, as the Post-boys say, and off we set, one of the gayest cockney parties that ever stole a march beyond the reach of city smoke. The man of fashion drove his phaeton, so that together our cavalcade made a figure on the road.

I was accommodated in Garrick's vehicle, with the mirth-inspiring Caleb Whitefoord, who made us laugh a dozen times at least before we reached the top of Southampton Street. Sterne was seated by the side of Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough mounted the phaeton with Mr. Bunbury, that he might, to use his own words, behold the butterflies and the daisies, and the summer-houses, and hay-cocks.

"Aye!" said Garrick, "and the weather-cocks, and all the other cocks and hens."

"Not forgetting King Juimmie's Chicken House," added Caleb, feigning the broad Scottish brogue, "where majesty hatched so many *chicks* to scare the good people of Hampstead."

And that is gone too, that pretty relique of antiquity; for lately I looked for it on my favourite hill, and found but a remnant left; with its picturesque old gable, buttressed up by chimneys, that had once smoked to furnish forth many a social feast for good King Jamie. But more of this anon, for I am determined, gentle reader, to prose awhile of Hampstead and its Heath.

"They are planning some noble streets and squares out yonder," said Bunbury, pulling up and pointing across towards Marylebone with his whip, as we passed the old Adam and Eve.

"Confound them," said Garrick, who had once been nearly drawn into a desperate building speculation, "I wonder where these mad fellows intend to carry the town, tempting strangers here. Why, as old Child said an hundred years ago, the head is growing too big for the body. What would he say, could he see it now!"

And what would thy gentle spirit say, dear David, could it behold its present magnificence, although it *himself* finished yet, as the honest countryman observed in a late visit to Lunnon!

What Caleb said to Garrick, and Garrick to he—is right worthy of another Chapter.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—John Buzzby has been going to Richmond every night since our last, and has not yet gone farther—"over the bridge." The French play from which he is translated, is called "*Une Journée à Versailles, ou le Discret Malgré Lui*;" and as Richmond is a pretty London Versailles, we may assume that the piece is prettily adapted to our stage.—*Peter Fin*, a farce, was produced on Thursday.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Wednesday, a Comic Opera, entitled *All in the Dark*, was produced here, with a great deal of the strength of the Company in its humorous and musical characters. Like nearly all our dramas, it is of foreign extraction, and consists of a rather intricate plot, in which two lovers assume different personations, deceive the uncle of one, and appear to be the brothers of their respective mistresses. Their servants, of course, follow in kind the disguises of their masters; and other domestics of the Uncle's make up the corps of dramatis personæ. There is a good deal of bustle and laughable incident in this Opera, which will recommend it more to popular favour, after the performers mellow in their parts:—on the first night, several of them were very defective in their studies. The principal share of the comique devolved upon Miss Kelly and Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Stoup, a married couple in the service of the peremptory German Baron (Mr. Bartley.) It could hardly be left in better hands; the dry humour of Wilkinson, who often looks as if he were surprised at his own success, and the admirable simplicity and nature of Miss Kelly, enriching the ludicrous, as they deepen the pathetic, have fair scope for exhibition, and

told well upon the audience. The music is ascribed to Mr. Livius, and has nothing original or remarkable—Miss Carew and Miss Povey were its organs; the latter should try to vary her notes and cadences, were it ever so little, as we tire of hearing Scotch, English, and foreign music sung all in one style. Both ladies were over-dressed, and looked as stiff as old maids of the year 1720. The last scene, from which the piece takes its name, has a good stage effect. The lovers plan a joint elopement in the dark, and the signal is to be two taps at the chamber-doors, with the word (suggested by Mrs. Stoup) "*Tumble up, Stoup!*" Stoup overhears this arrangement, and informs the Baron, who seizes the intriguing domestics, and forces Mrs. Stoup to give the signal in his presence. A denouement ensues, like that in the *Trip to Dover*; but the Baron enjoys the fun, and the pairable people are duly paired. The whole humour of one character is in always answering "*Ya, ya*;" but this, and *Tumble up, Stoup*, prevailed at the dropping of the curtain; for when permission to repeat the Opera was asked, the audience unanimously *ya'd, Tumble up, Stoup*.

Mr. Russell has taken the Brighton Theatre, and of course carries his own comic talent as well as judicious management to that fashionable resort.

VARIETIES.

It is rumoured in Paris that a plan has been formed to establish an English theatre there; and it is even said that several Englishmen have united for this purpose, and have already subscribed very considerable sums. They now only wait for licence from the French government.

Pun.—The visitors assembled last month at Maynooth College, at the usual triennial visitation; and after business was concluded, and an hospitable snack had been done justice to, the Lord Chief Justice went to walk in the garden with some of the Professors. Lord Norbury, wishing to go, went in search of his brother Judge, directing his steps towards the garden, where he found him busily engaged in the Abbé's flower-plot, examining some specimens of the Frenchman's rearing; and seeing him surrounded by the Professors, he clasped his hands, and vehemently exclaimed, "(Oh Heavens! what will Parliament say, when they learn that the Lord Chief Justice has been discovered in a plot with the Professors of Maynooth College!)"

An extraordinary House to Let.—An Advertisement in the Times Paper of July 1, states, that there is "To let, in a thorough state of repair, a most capital house, with the exception of the ground floor, which is *distinct from the other part*," &c. This house must surely have been built upon the long supposed preposterous principles adopted by a set of Architects called Aërial Castle-builders, and must doubtless possess delightful bird's-eye views of the surrounding country, though situated in the heart of the town.

Whimsical Typographical Error.—By an accidental transposition of paragraphs in the Report of the Proceedings in the House of Lords on Monday evening last, contained in a Morning Paper of Tuesday, it was made to appear that several Petitions presented to the House were "ordered to be summoned," instead of being "ordered to lie on the table;" and that, preparatory to an interesting debate fixed for Thursday, the Lords were "ordered to lie on the table," instead of being "ordered to be summoned!!!"

An abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, in a series of Letters from a Father to his Daughter, intended for the advancement of female education, is in the press. We hope it won't make the ladies lawyers. "Fever of the Peak" is announced in the Edinburgh Magazines as forthcoming from the Author of Waverley. Sir Walter Scott, we believe, passed some time in Derbyshire last year, and was no doubt struck by the grand and peculiar features of this picturesque country, the remarkable caverns, mines, wells, and mountains of which present so much to interest the tourist.

The third part of Mr. Rhodes' Peak Scenery, which so beautifully illustrates this district, is announced for immediate publication; our readers will remember that we were much pleased with the preceding parts.

The Rev. T. R. England, of Cork, editor of the Letters of the Abbe Edgeworth, &c. is, we understand, preparing for the press a very interesting "Life of the celebrated Father O'Leary."

The Princess Olave of Cumberland has issued proposals for the publication of her Poems, in order to raise a fund for her redemption from gaol and the prosecution of her claims.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JULY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	4 from 49 to 78	29.95 to 29.90
Friday	5 from 55 to 70	29.76 to 29.69
Saturday	6 from 47 to 67	29.85 to 29.94
Sunday	7 from 44 to 72	30.05 to 30.06
Monday	8 from 40 to 68	30.12 to 30.14
Tuesday	9 from 49 to 70	30.06 to 29.94
Wed.	10 from 40 to 75	29.84 to 29.82

Wind very changeable, but mostly inclining to Westward. Weather generally cloudy. A thunder storm on Friday. Rain on the 9th & 10th—Rain fallen during the week—7 of an inch.

Edinburg. JOHN ADAMS.

On Wednesday, the 17th, at 30° 11" after One o'clock in the morning, Jupiter's 3d Satellite will immerse into his Shadow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The g in Nigel should be pronounced suit. Corresponds will find a letter at our Office. Messrs. Rowney and Forster, of Bathbone-place, desire us to state, that the Plates of Mr. Richter's School in an Upriser were printed by them, and not by M. Huismandel, as mentioned through mistake in the Literary Gazette.

Bristolensis is right;—the lines attributed in our last to Pope are not to be found in that author; but though Bristolensis says a search in Roscommon is equally fruitless, we believe the distich will be found in that author's Art of Poetry.

W. M. R. as soon as possible.—Any anecdotes of our late revered Sovereign and his Queen must be interesting.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Extract of the Minutes of Council:

THE Dissertations on Homer—Essays on the Greek Language—and Poems on the Fall of Constantinople—having been referred to a Committee, and reported upon;—the decision of the several Prizes was postponed until the 23d of March 1825, the Authors being at liberty to withdraw their Compositions for the purpose of any alterations they may think proper. The competition is still open to candidates for the Præmiums, which are as follow:—

I. *The King's Premium of One hundred Guineas* For the best Dissertation on the *Age of Homer*—his Writings and Genius; and on the State of Religion, Society, Learning, and the Arts, during that period, collected from the Writings of Homer.

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* * The Dissertations, &c. already sent in, may be had as above, on giving the Signature or Motto of the paper applied for.

Council Room, Thursday, July 4, 1822.

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